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THE ETHOS



FEBRUARY, 1946

Light and Shadows — — *Florence L. Logue*

The Hat — — — — *Isabel F. Kelleher*

Locale — — — — *Laure E. Thibert*

Linked Sweetness — — — — *Nancy A. Sawyer*

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LIGHT AND SHADOWS

Florence L. Logue, '46

It is singular to note that nineteen hundred forty-five, the year of the centenary celebration in honor of John Henry Cardinal Newman, did not mark the hundred year milestone of the publication of his intellectual masterpieces, nor did it record his birth or death dates; but it proclaimed the century triumph of the simple, soul-shattering event which climaxed Newman's quest for truth—his entrance into the Church of Rome on October 9, 1845. It is significant, too, to observe that our modern writers, in paying tribute to Newman, have stressed his soul-life. They have recognized the value of his far-seeing educational views; they have applauded the brilliance of his literary genius; yet, they have especially commended his spiritual legacy, a heritage most precious and most sorely needed in our world today. In their zeal to penetrate the source of Newman's true greatness, these writers have almost disregarded a master brain to emphasize a giant soul. Yet, surely, this is the way Newman would have wanted it.

Verse-making was always one of Newman's favorite pastimes, because in the relief of poetry he found an outlet for the pent-up emotions of his sensitive nature. Later in life he was delighted to discover the essence of poetry in the symbolism, imagery and ritual of the Catholic Church. Although his fame in the literary sphere does not rest on his achievements in the field of poetry, nevertheless he has left to posterity two intimate revelations of his religious experiences in *Lead Kindly Light* 1833 and *The Dream of Geron-tius* 1865. These poems are invaluable for a study of the

real Newman because they disclose the hidden spiritual treasury which gave purpose and driving-force to his life.

In the winter of 1832, Hurrell Froude, who was in delicate health, invited Newman to accompany him on a Mediterranean voyage. Newman willingly welcomed this opportunity to renew his strength and spirit. The two friends visited many historical and cultural sites in their journey through southern Europe, yet they sedulously tried to avoid contact with Catholic life and Catholic feeling. They observed the externals with aesthetic appreciation, but were content to remain in ignorance of the soul of Catholicism. Despite this apparent lack of interest, however, Newman was profoundly and permanently impressed by Rome. With mounting doubt and fast-rising fear in his soul, he cried out, "How shall I name thee, Light of the world, or heinous error's seat?"

During this continental tour he had a persistent obsession that he was destined to do a work in England. Even when stricken with a violent fever in Sicily, when his servants begged their dying master for his last directions,—even then, Newman felt that he would be spared to undertake a special task for God. He kept insisting that he would not die, for he had not sinned against the light. After his almost miraculous recovery, Newman, himself, could not fathom the meaning of this assertion uttered in delirium. Still, he clung steadfastly to the resolution that his destiny was to find fulfillment on English soil. With this firm-held conviction his homesickness increased. Further detained in Palermo, he visited the Catholic churches there, seeking solace in his desolation. His heart-sick plea, "O that thy creed were sound, thou Church of Rome," shows the tormented condition of his mind and soul.

At length, he set sail in an orange freighted boat, bound for Marseilles. Once again, the trip was delayed and the boat was becalmed for an entire week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Here, on June 16, 1833, Newman voiced his petition for light and inspiration in his beautiful hymn, *Lead, Kindly Light*. This is a sincere and soul-wrung prayer to find and follow the path God had prepared for him.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!

Not only does it symbolize his physical and mental gloom, a patriotic craving for his native land, but it portends a spiritual groping in darkness. Although physical night engulfs him, it is the so-called "night of the soul," a blackness deeper and darker than material night, which forces his admission:

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!

Far from England and his loved ones; far, too, from his final harbor of peace, Catholicism. As his pain-tortured soul endures the pangs of doubt, Newman continues to have absolute trust in God,

Keep Thou my feet I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

He does not seek knowledge of the distant future; he is content with child-like confidence to let God lead him step by step.

In the second stanza Newman reviews his spiritual life, as he recalls:

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Should'st lead me on.
I loved to chose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

He is willing to sacrifice the brilliance of former Oxford leadership, of intellectual pride which ruled his will; he is willing to cede all to find the path to peace of soul. With contrite heart and characteristic humility he invokes God's mercy and forgiveness for his past life.

The last stanza is a song of trust in the Providence of the Almighty.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

It is blind assurance that he shall receive the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and that this enlightenment shall be instrumental in bringing him to the morn where he may see

... those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Lead, Kindly Light is a pure melodic strain ringing in the darkness of doubt. The notes are light and wistful as the song of trust moves on; the mood is permeated with a sense of hope, where unswerving faith overcomes the vagueness of spiritual indecision; the temper is one of restrained emotionality and poignant longing, yet the prayer is incomplete. Its defined haze of soul-obscurity gives the poem an inexpressible loveliness, but at the same time, it prevents that greater beauty which can come only from actual realization and personal possession of the ideal.

Newman, himself, said of this hymn: "Some have liked my *Lead, Kindly Light*: it is the voice of one in darkness, asking help from our Lord." He then compares it to Father

Faber's *Eternal Years*, which he claims is "what those who like *Lead, Kindly Light* must come to—they have to learn it." Thus, Newman realized that this poem was only a stepping stone to the ultimate end he achieved in his quest for spiritual satisfaction.

On his return to Oxford in 1833 Newman was goaded into furious activity by Keble's dynamic sermon on "The National Apostasy." With the selfless purpose of strengthening the sanctity of the Anglican Church, he plunged wholeheartedly into the publication of a series of Tracts. Soon, he was the driving force and acknowledged leader of the movement. In 1833 when the startling Tract XC shattered the smug equilibrium of the Anglican clerics, the thinking members of the English nation expressed the fear that their leader was well on the road to Rome. Newman, himself, was as yet unwilling to acquiesce in such surmises, but he left St. Mary's and his beloved Oxford for the quasi-monastic life of Littlemore. Here, two years of mortification and prayer preceded his reception into the Catholic Church. The news of Newman's conversion struck a paralyzing blow to Anglicanism. Many "Newmanites" who had followed their leader to the door of Rome, discovered the Truth and accompanied Newman over the threshold.

Once within the fold of the Catholic Church, Newman felt that he was close to the realization of the work God had designed for him. He began by establishing a community of religious of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. This haven was to be his spiritual centre throughout his long career, the focal point of all his activities. It was to the Oratory that he returned in time of stress when he was in need of spiritual consolation, for Newman, the brilliant leader in the world, was first and foremost a Catholic priest, ascetic,

contemplative, and introspective. It was at St. Philip's that he gathered the spiritual strength to withstand the successive failures which followed his attempts in Catholic endeavors. From each consecutive failure—the Irish University venture, the beginnings of the translation of the Scriptures, the public humiliation in the Achilli trial,—he emerged spiritually unscathed. Indeed, from each physical disappointment he seemed to add a cubit to his soul stature. His opportunity to vindicate himself in the eyes of the unsympathetic public arrived unexpectedly in January of 1864, when Charles Kingsley attacked Newman's personal sense of truth and the veracity of all Roman clergymen. Newman's vigorous defense in the unflinching, acute self-analysis of the *Apologia* restored him to a prominent position in the English nation, and regained for him the respect, esteem, and affection of Catholics and non-Catholics all over the world. No one with an appreciation of integrity and honor could fail to admire the motives and conduct of a man who was intrinsically true to himself.

Immediately after his victory over Charles Kingsley, Newman relinquished the long-awaited recognition of the world to seek the sanctuary of his cherished Oratory life. He was nearly sixty-four years old now, and desired to spend his last days in seclusion and prayer. This retirement from the fickle fame of the material world was to be a preparation for the blinding brilliance of the spiritual world which was an ever-present reality to Newman. Thus, death and eternity were natural topics for his meditations. In January, 1865, he compiled his ideas on the after-life in a dramatic poem, entitled *The Dream of Gerontius*. This dream-fragment is the story of the human soul suspended between the known and the unknown, between earth and heaven,

between time and eternity. It takes place wherever the soul travels in its rapid flight to the Judgment Seat; it is strictly in accordance with Catholic dogma; and it presents a potent portrayal of the ritual of the Church comforting the departure of the faithful soul.

As the curtain rises, Gerontius, the old man, lies resigned and hopeful on his death-bed. Cognizance of his condition coupled with the terror of impending death force from his lips the pleading invocation:

Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now

Then, humbly and trustfully he turns his thoughts heavenward:

(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee,) . . .
(Help, Loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou)

As his physical strength fails, Gerontius begs the prayers of his friends who kneel at his bedside:

So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength
to pray.

They, with the attending priest, implore the intercession of God's saints and begin the Church's Litany for the Dying. As this solemn prayer for the departing one mounts with increasing fervor, Gerontius revives sufficiently to invoke the Blessed Trinity and to reiterate his faith, hope, and love in the tenets of Catholicism. His last mortal moments are powerfully described when he concludes his prayer with the frightened cry:

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent

Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,

The skillful irregularity of these lines, the variation of metre, the sudden breaks, all imprint and impress the acute sensation of fear, of unknowingness, of the dizziness and collapse, of the dissolution of the expiring soul. With the words of the dying Christ on his lips, Gerontius leaves this world,

The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands
O Lord, into Thy hands . . .

At this same moment the prayers of the faithful speed his soul on its journey to heaven in the name of the Blessed Trinity:

Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!

Gerontius awakens in the new, unexplored land with a strange feeling of refreshment lightness, and timelessness. He cannot comprehend the mystery of his being, for his organic faculties are of no use to him, although they appear to be intact. As he is borne by an unseen force, his musings are interrupted by a "heart-subduing melody," the Angel's hymn of triumph over the salvation of his God-entrusted earthling. Soon, the Guardian Angel starts the song of the history of the human race. He sings of the creation, of the fall, the redemption, of the struggle for salvation, and of the strange composite of man, his greatness and his littleness, his Divine aspirations and his human frailties.

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Majesty dwarfed to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering power!

The melody ends with the pledge of the Guardian Angel's love and fidelity to man, because:

More than the Seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed race.

Gerontius is reassured by the disclosures of the Angel, and he expresses his sense of security:

but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.

Amid the diabolical hubbub of demons who debase and decry the state of man, the soul proceeds toward the God-head. More than ever now, Gerontius realizes his unworthiness to even glimpse the face of God, but he confesses wistfully:

Nathless, in life,
When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It ever was my solace to believe
That, ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

With the promise of fulfillment of this expectation, the angel warns,

One moment; but thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask; that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too. . . .

Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform. . . .

And now, the soul draws near the gate of the House of Judgment. Here, divers choirs of angels chant paeans of praise to God:

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!

These anglical hosts foretell the double agony which the soul of Gerontius will endure at its meeting with the all-knowing, all-loving Judge:

And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
And never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight:
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

To the sound of the "*Subvenite*" of the voices left on earth, Gerontius enters the veiled presence of God. The Angel of the Agony commences to plead his cause, but the ecstatic soul, unable to restrain itself, leaves the angel with a rapturous "Ah" and flies to the feet of its Judge. The angel describes the dramatic, highly emotional climax:

. . . Praise to His Name
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

The judged soul, smitten with the sanctity and love of God, has realized the prophecy of the angel; he has experienced the “veriest, sharpest purgatory,” consumed by the fire of the Crucified.

Then, begins the exquisite lyric, the song of the soul, the burning appeal to go quickly to Purgatory, so that quickly he may return to his absent Lord and Love. The music of this song is modulated, restrained, yet unusually beautiful in the cadence of its exalted theme:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
 There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep
 Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
 Love, not forlorn,—
There will I sing, my sad perpetual strain,
 Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast
 Which ne'er can cease
To throb and pine, and languish, till possest
 Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
 Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
 And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Finally, the Guardian Angel bears the ransomed soul to the “golden prison” of Purgatory, where he entrusts it to the loving and tender care of the Angels of Purgatory. Newman’s dramatic masterpiece closes on a peaceful, triumphant note with the Angel’s parting song:

... Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
 Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
 And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

The Dream of Gerontius with its ardent drama of the soul, its musical versification, and its sanctifying power belongs in the realm of poetry. Although the dogma hinders the outpouring of emotion, nevertheless, the restraint, thus imposed, gives the poem an exalted, unearthly beauty. It is powerful in thought and method of expression and offers a "revelation of the high spiritual purpose which animated Newman's life from beginning to end."

RECESSION

Charlene L. O'Brien, '47

A hush, a warm expectancy
Sways gently o'er the earth's domain,
Poised herald, with rare jubilancy
Proclaims glad tidings once again:
Westward, hearts and glances wing,
Where sun's recession is beckoning.

O western sky! deep-colored flush
In symmetry awe-inspiring—
Like lanes of dewy roses crushed,
With light behind retiring.
Recession, yet with promise held
Of resurrection unexcelled.

THE HAT

Isabel F. Kelleher, '47

THE entertainment had been an unsatisfactory repetition of countless other entertainments Lieutenant Richard Essex had witnessed in the past three months. It consisted of a second-rate comedian, a juggler carried over from the days of vaudeville, a disinterested piano player who mechanically beat out the tunes of the day—and a girl.

Her part in the program had simply been to sing one song, but as he sat in his tiny cubicle of a room in the convalescent ward the young lieutenant found himself remembering her. Her youth was the first thing that impressed; she couldn't be more than twenty. Yet standing there before the mike begining her song, she seemed to have complete command of the oddly assorted group of Army patients. Her voice was just ordinary, and she was pretty rather than beautiful. But the profound silence which enveloped the hall during her number, and the enthusiastic burst of applause at its conclusion gave testimony of the men's approval. Fresh, vital—that's the answer, he decided. She looked like a combination of all the wives, sisters, and sweethearts the fellows sat around and bragged about for hours on end—all, that is, except Richard Essex, formerly of the United States Air Force.

Suddenly the boy rose, his fists clenched and his face taut. "Why, dear God?" he groaned. "Why me?"

During the long weeks of hospitalization the Army doctors had done all in their power to recreate for Richard Essex a life of which he had no recollection. The statistics

contained in his records provided the background; he had been told his name, age, his home, and the few bare facts of parentage and education which were on those records.

None of this had seemed real to him. Oh, he had tried! God knows he had tried! But the information remained in the methodical order of an impersonal report committed to memory, but having no place in his soul. At twenty-three he was a man without a past, and he wished that there might be no future.

The sound of laughter in the corridor roused him from his depressing thoughts. Slowly some of the anguish disappeared from his face; then a light knock came at the door.

"Have a heart, fellows," he said, going towards it. "Can't a guy have any privacy at . . . oh, it's you!"

The girl was standing outside when he opened the door. Her spangled costume had been replaced by a simple suit of the bluest blue Richard had ever seen, and on her head was a tiny contraption of flowers and veiling. She was smiling not only with her lips, but also with eyes which reflected the color of her suit.

"How do you do, Lieutenant?" she asked, extending a tiny gloved hand. "I do hope I'm not intruding, but I was just over in the main ward and a Captain Nichols asked me if I would stop by to say hello to you. He missed you at the show, I guess, and thought you might like a bit of company. May I come in?"

Richard had been standing immobile in the door, but at this he motioned her to enter, and pulled the sole chair forward while he sat on the edge of the bed.

The girl examined the room closely, without comment. If she noticed the uniform blouse laden with starred campaign bars hanging behind the door she gave no sign. When

her eyes had completed the circle of the room they met those of the soldier; she, gazing with candor and lack of reserve; he, with the wary and guarded eyes of one who has learned caution.

"Do many troupes come here to the hospital?" she asked.

"Quite a few. . . ."

"Oh. Well, were we any better or worse than the majority?"

"I didn't really notice . . . your song was all right. . . ."

"Thank you. I really wasn't sure that I was prepared to sing for such a large audience, but I'm glad I had the chance. It is really wonderful. . . ."

"Yes, I know!" Richard stood up and walked towards the window. "You are thrilled, I believe is the word, to entertain the poor boys who gave so much. . . ."

"Please!"

Astonishment and something of pity was in her eyes as she spoke.

"You must be weary, Lieutenant, of having strangers pry into your affairs. Please believe me, I really didn't mean to offend. Can't we just shake hands and be friends?"

Richard looked at her thoughtfully, then with a slight trace of a smile extended his hand.

"Sorry. Look, now that we're friends, don't you think I should know your name?"

The tension broken, the girl started to laugh.

"Well, I think you have earned that privilege. I'm Angela Wade; that's my stage name, of course. I know your name. Lieutenant Richard Essex. That isn't fair though, because I saw it on the card outside the door!"

She hesitated a moment, then continued, "Where is your home?"

How many times he had heard that same question! And always the desire to pour out this heartaches overpowered him in just this way—but as he had done so many times before he answered simply, “New York. . . .”

Suddenly he knew that he must stave off the inevitable question which was to follow. Sure, he knew how it would be! Some of the sparkle would go out of those blue eyes, and the pity he had come to bear would be there instead. And so he turned the conversation to a discussion of her career.

The story was one that might apply to any of a hundred would-be actresses: the lead in a high school play, doting relatives convinced that here was a future star, the struggle through dramatic school, and then the heart-rending attempts to get a chance. Her first lucky break had come when she was accepted for this troupe which was visiting service hospitals in the eastern states.

“So you see,” she laughed rather apologetically, “it’s very important that I make good. But really, Lieutenant, I’m showing very bad manners, talking so much about myself. What about you? I’m sure that you have had a very interesting life. . . .”

During the time she had been speaking Richard had stared intently at her. Now, she motioned as though to remove the small hat which was perched on her shiny curls.

Without realizing that he was speaking aloud, Richard said in a strained voice, “Don’t take off that hat!”

The hat! Merely a froth of pink veiling and white flowers, yet it brought back a flood of memories!

* * *

Paris was a gay city that summer. The liberation had released all the pent-up enthusiasm of the hearts of the French people, and the city received with open arms the uniformed soldiers of her deliverers.

It had been wonderful to be young, alive, victorious in the midst of so much jubilation. Seated at a table in a small sidewalk cafe the three fliers had toasted their good fortune: Lieutenants Tom Darrow, Bill Murphy, and Richard Essex. They had been together during pre-flight, received their wings together, then had been separated until they met in France. This leave together had been a bit of rare good fortune; and so they sat reminiscing, joking, sipping cognac.

Tom Darrow had been a college professor in a relatively unknown university before enlisting. Single, his interests centered around a farm he wanted to buy for his mother and dad, where he could put into practice some ideas he had on modern equipment.

Bill Murphy was a lovable Irishman, with a ready grin and a repertoire of stories, mostly about his bride whom he had married just before leaving the States—"My Darlin'", as he called her. As a civilian Bill had worked for an insurance company at forty-two dollars a week, and would return to the job as soon as Uncle Sam gave him his discharge.

Richard Essex was the youngest of the three. A typical college student in the days before Pearl Harbor, December seventh had replaced a life of football games, mid-term exams and college proms with the rigid existence of an air corps cadet. The life he had known seemed like a dream now, full of sweet memories, out of the realm of bombings, strafings and death. His return to college was a fact he accepted, but the uncertainty of his present life refused to let him dwell upon what it would be like to face an opponent on the football field rather than in the vast expanse of the skies over Germany. These were the three young fliers gathered that day about a tiny table, sipping cognac in the warm sunshine.

Suddenly Tom paused in the midst of a story he was tell-

ing and said, "Well, Rich! Look at Daddy there, lost in thought! What's the idea, Mr. Murphy?"

Bill looked up rather sheepishly.

"Sorry, fellows. . . . I guess now is as good a time as any to tell you . . . you see . . . well, what I mean is, tomorrow is the last time I'll fly with you two characters. Yeah, I got my orders; I'm going back to the States next week."

There was a moment of stunned silence, then Tom and Richard stood up and pounded his shoulders in awkward congratulation.

"Why, you lucky so-and-so! Going home, heh? And you weren't going to say a thing about it. . . ."

"Pardon me, Lieutenant, but do you know General Eisenhower personally? How about letting a guy in on your secret formula? Stateside, heh? You lucky dog!"

Richard beckoned to the waiter, who rushed over to the table eager to please the oh, so wealthy Americans.

"A bottle of champagne, please. We're going to do some celebrating!"

As they left the cafe a little later, Tom broke the companionable silence which had settled over them.

"It's going to seem funny without you, Bill. You know that, don't you? I mean, we're awfully glad for you, but we'll miss you a heck of a lot. . . ."

"Gosh, it won't seem the same without that funny face of yours around . . . and no one snoring in the next room. . . ."

Richard ducked an imaginary blow and the three broke into laughter to conceal the emotion they each felt.

"What time is it?" Bill asked suddenly.

Tom pulled out his watch.

"I have three fifteen. What's the matter? We don't have to report back until ten thirty."

"Gosh, fellows," Bill spoke hurriedly, "would you mind

if I met you at Francine's about six? I have an errand to do . . . something I promised My Darlin'. It won't take long. . . ."

"Do my ears deceive me, Richard?" asked Tom incredulously. "Did I hear our buddy suggest that we leave him alone—alone, mind you—in Paris? And on his last visit, too? Oh no, my lad! You're not doing any errands alone today —right, Lt. Essex "

"Right, Lt. Darrow. Sorry, Bill—I guess we'll just have to help you do that errand. It WAS an errand you mentioned. . . .?"

"Aw look, guys, have a heart!" Bill pleaded. "I promise I'll meet you at six, or five-thirty, if it will make you any happier. This is rather private. . . ."

"Since when has there been any privacy in the army? Nope, we stick. Come on, Rich. We're going to help Bill do an errand."

Bill looked at his two buddies, then slowly shook his head as a wide grin spread over his face.

"Okay, if that's the way you want it. Only I warn you, you're letting yourself in for something."

"Aha," said Richard, "a mystery! Come on, man, this suspense is killing me. Just what is this errand?"

"Don't say I didn't warn you."

Bill took a deep breath, then continued.

"I have to buy her a hat."

"A hat?"

"A what?"

"You heard me—a hat. One of these Paris affairs; the first thing she asked me when she learned I was in France was to please buy her a real Paris hat. Well, this is my last chance to get it, so . . ."

"Oh no!" moaned Richard in feigned agony. "Murphy

buying ladies' hats . . . wait till the fellows in the squadron hear about this. . . .”

“I don't know what we let ourselves in for,” said Tom, “but we're sticking. Where to, Bill?”

That was how the shopping expedition began. The manner in which the three fellows invaded the millinery salons of Gay Paree in search of the perfect hat for the woman Bill had made seem real to his two friends was the talk of the city during the following weeks. Manufacturers, designers, models all tried to influence their choice, but nothing received their approval until they came upon THE HAT.

It was in the window of the elite *Salon de François*. Not much larger than a powder-puff, it consisted of tiny velvet violets covered by a froth of the sheerest pink net.

The three men stopped before the window, then with one accord said, “That's it!”

Convinced that their long search was ended they entered the shop, arm in arm. Once inside, their bravado disappeared. To the tittering of the chic models, fascinated by the sight of such stalwart males in that feminine setting, Bill tried to explain their errand. Much gesturing and pantomime was employed before the puzzled clerk broke into a broad smile and said, “Mais oui . . . le chapeau . . . certainment . . . Marie!”

He beckoned to a young girl, whispered something in her ear, then motioned the gentlemen to sit down.

After what seemed a century later the girl returned, with a lavish hat-box. Bill paid for the hat, then with much ceremony the three blushing lieutenants were ushered to the door.

“Whew!” said Bill, once safely outside. “I'm glad she only wanted one hat. I'd hate to go through that again. Come on, guys . . . let's eat!”

The following morning dawned like one of those days poets write about. The air was clear and crisp, and the sweet aroma of a nearby hayfield met the fliers as they crossed the field to their planes.

"Well, fellow, this is it . . . your last trip!" yelled Richard as Bill lumbered into his ship. "Leave a few of those Jerries for us, won't you?"

Tom waved from his cockpit farther down the line, and hollered something that was lost in the roar of his motors as they warmed up.

And then they were off—a tiny group of fighters disappearing beyond the horizon.

The Jerries appeared from out of nowhere! Like vultures they swept down on the P-40's, outnumbering them three to one. It happened in a split second, but Richard saw Tom's plane explode in mid-air. A moment later a burst of flame enveloped Bill's ship and as it began its dizzy descent trailing a cloud of ugly black smoke Richard could make out the name painted on the side: "My Darlin' ". He uttered a prayer, and followed it with his eyes, waiting to see a parachute—but none appeared.

He was numb. Then the full reality of what had happened seized him. Suddenly he remembered the Hat, bright, gay—symbol of a love cut short by all the brutality and ugliness of a war-crazed world.

Then came the crash, and darkness. It was all so long ago, so very long ago. . . .

* * *

"Don't take off that hat!"

The words rang out and seemed to echo in the room.

Richard rubbed a hand across his eyes, then whispered, "I'm sorry . . . I didn't mean to yell . . . I'm afraid I startled you. . . ."

The full impact of what had happened struck him; no longer could he retire behind the peaceful curtain of forgetfulness. All the horror, the tragedy of the war, would now return to haunt his every waking hour—

The girl was slowly taking her hand away from her hat. She wore a puzzled expression, and her eyes were filled with surprise. Whatever thoughts ran through her mind in that instant she kept to herself, and after a moment of silence she spoke.

"Let's talk about you now, shall we? Tell me about your home . . . there must be a sweetheart somewhere. It's your turn now to do the talking, Lieutenant."

Richard found himself forced to look away from her clear blue eyes.

He hesitated, then said in a strained voice, "I can't remember . . . I can't remember anything."

She looked at him for a moment intently, then rose from the chair and stretched forth her hand to him.

"I'm sorry, Lieutenant Essex."

Richard stood, and wordlessly took her outstretched hand.

"I must be going now . . . but I do hope that we will be back here soon. And you may be sure that I will look you up. Thank you for letting me talk so much about myself; I only hope it didn't bore you terribly."

At the door she turned, and stopped.

"You know, Lieutenant, there are some things we would all like to forget. Sometimes I wonder if we don't try to make ourselves forget? By the way, I'm glad you liked my hat—it's my favorite. It came from Paris."

Richard remained motionless as the click of her heels faded down the long corridor.

LOCALE

Laure E. Thibert, '47

Long had I hunted
Through measureless space,
Spanning the infinite
Sky for your face.

Leaping above stars,
Speeding to find
You somewhere ahead
In ethereal wind.

Yet, had I not turned
One moment to see
That rose near the garden gate,
Where would you be?

REMEMBRANCE

Mary Virginia Furdon, '47

When morning sunbeams touch the grass
And rouse the sleeping daffodils,
When dawn's light fingers slowly pass
Across the soft gray tinted hills,
As Nature greets the coming day,
I think of you, far, far away.

I see your smile the whole day through,
And feel my world grow warm and bright;
My every task a prayer for you
Till shades of dusk betoken night,
As evening marks the closing day,
I think of you, far, far away.

SECOND SPRING

Nancy E. Walsh, '47

THEY were sending him home tomorrow. Home! It seemed like some far-away dream. Misty visions of Mom and Dad, Joe, and Tom, and Ellie, his kid sister, rose before him, but he didn't want to go home. How could he return looking like this? "You'll come along famously," they said. What did they take him for, anyway. He had seen too many similar cases have their hopes cruelly dashed to nothing to be taken in by such hollow cheerfulness. Now he was just a case history, without even a face to call his own. Suddenly he pounded his fist against the wall. It wasn't fair, it wasn't fair! Why did this have to happen to him, just when life held such wonderful promise? The critics had voted him the most versatile pianist and composer of nineteen forty-three. They acclaimed his "Serenade" as a work full of youth and vitality; beauty and charm. Fame and fortune were smiling benevolently on him. He hadn't played a note in a year. O God! why didn't You let me die out there in the snow! Sure, it was easy to talk about bravery and courage in the face of overwhelming odds for those whose lives flowed quietly on, like a forest stream with only a falling leaf to disturb its placidity.

A knock on the door roused him from his broodings. Nurse Blake again. He wondered if she too had to steel herself every time she came to that door.

"Lt. Wright, are you ready?"

"I'm not going."

"But Lieutenant, you promised Dr. Pearse you would

follow his instructions and get out into the fresh air this afternoon."

"Well, tell him I've changed my mind. Tell him I'm not feeling well, tell him anything, but I am not going."

"Very well, Lieutenant."

Nurse Blake threw a compassionate look at the stiff, strained figure at the window. What a pity! And yet he was only one of hundreds. God help them! The door closed behind her with a soft hissing sigh.

Lt. Wright who had been bitterly gazing out the window during the ensuing conversation, felt the silence close in around him broken only by the endless ticking of his watch. He tried not to think, but memories surged up and would not be repressed.

"Pilot to crew. Mission completed. Heading 'home'." For a moment the tension created by battle relaxed, then all broke loose. A squadron of Messerschmitts sitting up there in the sun, zoomed down like hungry vultures on a lone lamb.

"Pilot to crew. Left wing gone. Gasoline tank hit. Bail out. Will try forced landing."

That was all he remembered until the day he discovered he hadn't died. His head and hands were swathed in bandages. Then they broke the news, very gently. Cold horror swept through him leaving him dripping with perspiration. If they wouldn't let him have a mirror, he would find out for himself. He lay perfectly still as they removed his dressings and then when the doctor and nurses had left, he looked at his hands and breathed a sigh of relief, not too bad. Then as if drawn by some magnetic power he could not resist he raised his hands to his face. Slowly his fingers traced his jawline, moved towards his mouth, stiffened, then more

slowly moved upward toward what had been the center of his face. Oh no! Dear God no! With a cry of anguish he buried his face in the pillow.

Memories dimmed; before they returned he had to escape. Perhaps if he did go for a walk, at least there wouldn't be this awful silence. Quickly he snatched his coat and cap from the closet. His hand closed over the wallet in his pocket. A feeling akin to nostalgia swept over him, the last time he had opened the wallet was to pay Sergeant Dawes, his turret gunner, the five dollars he owed him before they left on what was to be their last mission. He wondered what had become of the Sarge. Funny how little things remained in one's memory; yet he could barely recall what his mother looked like. He reached for his dark glasses and fled into the corridor.

It wasn't until he reached the elevator that the full realization of what he was doing came to him. The only human beings he had seen in the past year were a succession of doctors and nurses quietly slipping in and out of his room. Outside these walls were everyday people unused to dealing with the accidents of war. For a moment he was tempted to run back to his room but now even that was no longer a sanctuary.

"Going down! Street floor, Lieutenant?"

"Yes."

He was on his way. When he reached the sidewalk the brilliant afternoon sunshine blinded him for a moment. Then hesitatingly he turned his steps toward the Common. The endless chatter of people, the querulous honking of horns, helped him. But gradually he could sense the eyes upon him. The veiled glances of the curious, open stares of the horrified, expressions of pity from other worthy citi-

zens, blank stares from those who tried to avoid looking at him at all. Bitterness seeped into his heart. To them he was a monstrosity, a freak. The perspiration formed on his neck, and the hands that he clenched to his sides were cold and clammy. He turned for a moment to look supposedly at the display in the store window, and as he turned he caught for the first time a full reflection of himself in the glass.

The thought of taking his own life had always repelled him. Even in the past months he had never allowed his thoughts to dwell on such a thing. But now this unexpected shock destroyed his last barrier of courage and he welcomed the idea. It would be so easy, people throw themselves in front of subway cars and automobiles every day, or let the quiet waters of the river close in over them: no returning home, no more of this living death. He'd be free, free, free! Hurriedly he stepped to the curb. Now!

"Hey Bud! can'tcha look where ya goin'."

The rough hand pushing him back to the curb and the rude voice of the traffic cop jolted him once more into reality. Still in a sort of daze, he aimlessly crossed the street, and continued his walk toward the Common.

There came to his ear the faint tinkling of a badly played piano. The tune the musician pounded out so mercilessly was vaguely familiar. As he looked to see where the music was coming from, he noticed the Service Club on the Common. Where had he heard that song before? Abruptly he stopped. Someone was destroying his "Serenade". With sure steps he headed towards the Club. No one could do that to his music.

As might be expected, a great deal of commotion was going on inside the building, and no one noticed the Lieutenant who slipped quietly into the almost deserted recrea-

tion room. He had only one thought, to put an end to that terrific discord. Confidently he stepped up to the flushed pianist. "Would you mind if I played for awhile?"

The sailor looked up resentfully then, after a glance at the officer's face, he gasped out: "Oh sure, sure, go ahead. Gee! I'm late for a date as it is."

The recreation room was empty now. The sound of a juke box floated in from the other room. The rays of the late afternoon sun, slanting across the floor, the soft sighing of young spring leaves, the murmur of distant voices brought to his heart a strange peace. Unconsciously his fingers touched the keys, stiffly at first, then after a few measures they relaxed. He played softly melodies written by himself and others. So oblivious was he to his surroundings that he failed to notice that the commotion in the other room had ceased, nor did he notice the people who stole into the room and stood enthralled, as the cadenced music rose and fell. The chains of time and place fell from him. He closed his eyes. His spirit was free, soaring up and up into the sphere of glorious melody. Finally, exhausted, he ceased. A hush fell over his audience but no applause came for to applaud such music would be as incongruous as applauding a prayer. After a few moments there was a scuffling of feet and a clearing of throats from the worldly-wise embarrassed by their own emotions. But Wright remained motionless, his head buried in his hands. For the first time in two years a tune was racing through his memory, begging to be played.

At ten o'clock the receptionist at the Service Club received a frantic telephone call from Dr. Pearse at Massachusetts General Hospital.

"We are looking for an Army Air Corps Lieutenant who

disappeared from the hospital about two o'clock this afternoon. He is badly disfigured. Do you remember seeing a man with that description at the Club?"

"Why yes Dr. Pearse! In fact he is still here. We can't budge him out of the music room, as if anyone wants to. I wish we had such a wonderful pianist here all the time, then we wouldn't have to rack our brains thinking up any other entertainments for the boys. Oh! Doctor, did you want to speak to him?"

"No. I'll send a car for him in a few minutes. I don't think we have to worry any further about Jason Wright."

In the recreation room Jason Wright, composer, introduced his latest composition to an awed crowd of ten sailors, five marines, and seven soldiers. It was a haunting melody that eluded the grasp of those who tried to hold it; a refrain that would grow more endearing with repetition. Yes, he knew its title—*Second Spring!*

REFLECTION

Alicia M. Muir, '47

Bright, golden stars shine
In a vast, sombre sky,
Elusively twinkling,
They startle man's eye.

One moment I lingered,
And to my awed sight,
Saw goodness so sparkle,
In a world shy of light.

THE CATARACT

Eileen M. Cassidy, '47

A deluge of silver, it catapults downward,
Reflecting the sun through a rainbow-stained light;
It explodes with a roar as it smashes the earth,
And regurgitates up in a fountain of might.

It swirls and it gushes, it whirls and it rushes,
Its fury redoubled by rocks in its path;
It swashes and sputters and splashes and mutters
A foaming retort that is seething with wrath.

Its passion abated, it skips along happily,
And babbles and gurgles and lilts a gay tune;
It dances and prances and gives knowing glances—
It kisses the violets and winks at the moon.

EMBEZZLEMENT

Lucille E. Oates, '47

THE trouble with people, Bruce Andrews thought, was that they weren't clever enough to look out for their own interests. Now, no one could ever accuse him of that.

Wasn't he set for life? Didn't he just execute the smartest get-away, with no possible chance for pursuit? Right now his private two-motor plane was winging its way toward South America and safety.

It had been wise of him to request his vacation for December, "for winter sports," he had said. The auditors would not start their monthly check for another week and in the meantime he had one hundred thousand dollars in small unmarked bills in the handsome leather brief case at his side.

It had always been thus, this habit of looking out for himself. In college he had planned a complete and efficient method by which he passed examinations among the highest. By a few hours copying he had a complete set of notes that fitted snugly into his pocket and that explained his seeming brilliance. It amused him to see others cramming madly and fail. That, he reasoned, was the result of honesty.

He was proud of himself, he had been smart, working so late nights for months cleverly balancing the books. When the auditors discovered the money was missing all the evidence would point to that insipid clerk that slaved in the next window. Then, at least, he wouldn't be bothering people with his boastful display of the latest snapshots of his children.

It had been worth the five years he had worked at the bank as a poorly paid clerk until he had achieved a position of trust. He had planned the removal of the money for three years and, he mused smugly, had executed it successfully.

His self-satisfaction sent a pleasant sensation tingling through his veins and made the beautiful scene below him all the more delightful. Tiny harbor towns smothered in a thick December snow stretched below him, here and there great masses of woods showed dark against the dazzling whiteness. Far ahead, the Atlantic glittered bright in the cold winter sun.

He relaxed and satisfied himself with the scene presented to him, comparing it to the luxury he was soon to enjoy with the money in the case. In South America he knew a renegade surgeon who had been deported several years ago. He would change his features so that he would not be recognized. He would stay in Brazil until danger of pursuit was over and then return to the United States, perhaps Miami; he had always wished to go to Miami.

He was so absorbed in his day dreams that he was oblivious of all else until he saw a tiny flame eating at his right engine. The fire spread rapidly, even when he shut off the engine the fiery advance did not stop. Beads of perspiration formed on his brow as he tried side-slipping to extinguish the flame which was licking with a hot tongue at the window. He mentally measured the distance to the shore and judged it to be about three miles. He could glide on the high altitude he had gained and attempt to land on the hard sands. The sideslip did not put out the fire so he quickly turned the ship and glided toward the shore. The glide was falling too short! He was about forty feet above the water and the plane would never make it to the shore!

Tying the briefcase to his waist in haste, he pushed his body against the door which was held fast by the pressure of the wind. With a last effort he shoved against the door and fell out into space. Straightening out into a dive he cut the water keenly.

The shore seemed miles away, the water was biting into his flesh with a piercing cold, the waves erased any advance he had made with his mighty strokes, and the briefcase weighed a thousand pounds as it dragged on his waist. After hours of battle, his foot struck the sand and he crawled to the shore where he lay chattering with the cold and shaking with fear.

He finally sat up to inspect the shore that he had landed on. Out on the ocean he could see the tip of the wing of the airplane disappearing into the water. On either side, the snow covered beach stretched in unbroken stillness, and great rocks made grotesque white humps in the landscape.

Sitting up to a better view, his body cried in pain. Behind him neat summer houses, boarded up for the winter, were barely visible under the heavy white blanket. He staggered toward the nearest house and up its steps. The door was securely locked and none of his efforts would budge it. The windows were boarded also and he could see no visible means of entry.

As he crawled toward the next house he could see that it had a glass window in the door that had not been boarded, so with the last of his ebbing strength he smashed the window with his fist; anything to get out of the biting wind! Once inside he grabbed several blankets that were piled on a couch and wrapped himself in them but it did not ease his cold.

Don't be a sap, Bruce, how can you get warm in these wet clothes? he asked himself. The stillness was deafening

and he spoke to give himself courage. He found some garments, a pair of boy's trousers, several sizes too small, an oversize crew sweater, and a pair of slippers. They were soggy with the dampness and not very comfortable. In spite of the fire he had kindled he could not stop shivering. Because the chimney was clogged, the smoke filled the room so that he fell asleep. When he awoke it was dark, the fire had gone out. He was shaking uncontrollably and every muscle and bone ached with pain and stiffness.

He was starved. In the excitement of escaping with the money and of his giddy success he had forgotten to eat. The money! He crawled around in the dark searching on hands and knees for the money. He found it inside the door in a pool of water.

He relit the fire and stretching strings across the fireplace he draped the wet bills on them. They were slow to dry, but after a few hours all were dry and stacked in neat piles on a table.

It was then that he was aware of the telephone and reached for the receiver. What would he say? How could he explain his presence? But he could think of something. He lifted the phone—it was dead. The current had been disconnected.

He felt his hand throb with pain and remembered smashing the glass. The blood had mattered on his fist. He tried in vain to extract the tiny pieces of glass that clung to his flesh. He felt around in the kitchen for the sink. He must wash the blood off and get a drink. He felt with both hands until his hand struck something and he recoiled in pain. It was the sink; he hastily turned on the faucet. It was rusted tight but at last he loosened it. Nothing happened!

"Blast it! the water is shut off too!" he muttered. His words echoed in the deserted room.

He returned to the fire because he was still chattering with cold. His stomach was weak from hunger. There should be something to eat!

After lighting a scrap of a candle he had found he returned to the kitchen. What luck! Several cans of food! He searched feverishly for a can-opener; in drawers, on tables, under chairs, on top of shelves; but found none. Ironical, isn't it, Bruce, a man with one hundred thousand dollars and all you need is a measly can opener!

Maybe there were some crackers or something! He found nothing. As a last resort he looked in the ice box. There he saw a bottle of milk, very old and very sour. But it was liquid, so he raised it to his lips and drank the fermented, evil tasting stuff. He still craved food. He sat looking at the delectable pictures on the labels. There were Vienna sausages surrounded by slices of pineapple, hot baked beans in a huge brown pot, and an image of a dish of delicious glazed cranberry. It was driving him mad. There must be some method of opening one of these stupid cans.

He renewed his search. Now crawling, now running, now whimpering, now screaming, his frantic search yielding only a huge carving knife. He grasped the knife with tense fingers and sat before the fire, placing the cans before him. Surely this sharp knife could pierce the can. He attacked the can with a furious strength. He grappled and fought the can while the knife slashed about wildly. At last he could see the red of the cranberry, he reached for it.

No! It was warm and throbbing and flying in great spurts from his wrist!

"Ha ha ha," his laughter shrilled against the walls of the deserted house. "What a joke, you've cut yourself, Bruce!"

His laughter continued until it faded away, and he lay still, before the table laden with money.

* * *

“What a ghastly way to die,” remarked the first man.

“It looks as though he searched pretty hard for a can opener,” said the second man, who was the owner of the cottage. “Ironical, too, because those cans have keys attached.”

INSCAPE

Nancy E. Walsh, '47

A thousand crossroads in the sky,
A sphere wherein my dreams can fly,
And as they wing along the blue,
I break my bonds and follow too.
Away to lands where soft winds sigh,
And day-dreams grow and never die;
Where echoes light a merry lay,
And fancy steeps all in its ray.

Oh, oft I've tried to clip my wings,
And settle down to life's drab things,
But when I gaze out into night,
Star signposts gleam with added light.
Let all who wish have wealth and fame,
Such things I know I'll never claim;
For I have seen with visioned eyes
Symbols of heaven in the skies.

LINKED SWEETNESS

Nancy A. Sawyer, '46

IT is an immense responsibility for America now to find herself, of necessity, the center of the musical world. In our own Boston, the high point of musical life remains the Boston Symphony. The first concert in the new Sunday afternoon series (established last year to make the Symphony available to a greater number) was memorable. Dr. Koussevitzky began with a delightful performance of Prokofieff's *Classical Symphony*, a miniature work in the eighteenth century mode with spicy dashes of Prokofieffian sophistication. The orchestra played it with gusto and evident enjoyment, yet retaining the exquisite finish essential to the form.

Aaron Copland's ballet, *Appalachian Spring* was completed in 1944 expressly for the dancer, Martha Graham. Dr. Koussevitzky presented this music in a suite orchestrated by the composer. The theme is the introduction of a young bride into the farmhouse where she will spend her married life. The music is vital, provocative, expressive of nineteenth century rural America. The part devoted to the revivalists is genuinely folksy and effective; the impassioned music of the young couple and the serenity of the closing rise to considerable lyric beauty. Mr. Copland has created a notable American work of art. The latter half of the program was given over to a magnificent performance of the Sibelius *Second*. This symphony reveals Sibelius at the height of his form. The themes are abundant and extremely beautiful, many of them having that tremulous string quality

so suggestive of the sombre beauty of his native Finland.

Two interesting and widely divergent piano recitals have entertained Boston of late: that by Jan Smeterlin at Jordan Hall, and that by Alec Templeton at Symphony. Mr. Smeterlin, after some slight initial difficulty with the seldom-heard *Schubert Sonata in A minor*, offered the *Carnival Op. 9* of Robert Schumann. This work consists of fleeting impressions of carnival scenes, ranging from broad humor to romance. Smeterlin scored an artistic triumph in creating twenty-three lightning mood changes. But it is in Chopin that Smeterlin is at his height. His playing closely approximates what the accounts say of Chopin's performance of his own compositions. Flitting grace, inexpressible delicacy, apparent rhythmic abandon mark Smeterlin's Chopin. Completely free of all technical concern, he played three Mazurkas, the *Barcarolle*, *Fantasie-Imromptu*, and *G minor Ballade* with breath-taking beauty and nuance.

Mr. Templeton's talents take an altogether different bent. To an audience obviously recruited from his radio fans Mr. Templeton first offered a "serious" group, including a rather disappointing performance of the *Moonlight Sonata* of Beethoven. Mr. Templeton played the classics well but hardly with inspiration. He fared best perhaps in Bach, giving as encore a tonally beautiful and lucid performance of the chorale, *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*.

In his own field of musical improvisation, humor, and satire, Templeton is inimitable. The blind pianist took five notes at the suggestion of the audience, F sharp, A, C sharp, B flat, F flat (and a seemingly unhappy combination they are) and improvised in the styles of Brahms, Chopin, Shostakovich, Gershwin, and the Duke also at the suggestion of the audience. Nearly as remarkable a feat, he blended four

suggested compositions into one amazing ensemble. Imagine the *Grieg Concerto* with *Pop Goes the Weasel* piping audaciously between the majestic phrases, and *Tea For Two* tinkling merrily somewhere in the treble. One of the encores was an hilarious parody of Wagner, through the *Ring* in five minutes with Mr. Templeton officiating at the piano, thundering the tenor and bass and yapping the soprano in gutteral accents. It was all in good fun, and, at least, one member of the audience laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Perhaps the most unique concert attraction of the season was the recital of the American Ballad Singers at Jordan Hall on November 18. Trained by composer Elie Siegmeister, these six men and women do superb ensemble work in a little-explored field. Covering three centuries of American folk-music, the groups included music of colonial America, industrial America, songs of courtship and marriage, American legends, and modern folk songs. One of the most amusing was the *Deaf Woman's Courtship*, an oldtime answering song with a surprise ending. A Pennsylvania Dutch lullaby, *Scholff Bobbeli*, lyrically lovely was sung with tenderness and skill. The lusty *Rye Whiskey* proved, as the program delicately puts it, "that there is still joy in the mountains". Hardly any of the music could be called really great, but it was highly suggestive of the heart of America in this performance of enthusiasm and warmth.

Among local musical groups of merit is the Melrose Symphony which gave its first concert of the current season on November 27. The men and women of this orchestra are not professional musicians, but they bring to their work a love which produces fine results. Under the able direction of George Brown, they presented, among other things, an

artistic performance of a Haydn symphony and the tuneful Polka and Fugue from Weinberger's opera *Schwanda*. If they do not always reach technical perfection, they are carefully trained and, what is more important, they capture the spirit of whatever they attack. Soloist for the evening was pianist Percy Grainger of *Country Garden* fame. He did the first movement of the Grieg *A Minor Concerto* with more vitality than polish. After a spirited rendition of the *Second Hungarian Rhapsody* of Liszt and some musical trickery involving the strings of the piano and the elbow and fist of the pianist, Mr. Grainger again joined the orchestra in a transcription of Bach's pastoral-like *Blythe Bells* which he interpreted most artistically as sheep-bells. The audience received soloist and orchestra very cordially. Such an organization as the Melrose Symphony is an endless joy, not only to its members but to the very many persons who might otherwise have little contact with great music. In their splendid work Mr. Brown and his orchestra furnish an invaluable service to the community and to American culture.

REBIRTH

Laure E. Thibert, '47

Around my heart the clouds hung low,
And from the oppressive gray
The winter snow fell cold and deep
The years you were away.

Yet, but a kiss when you returned
Melted at once the snow,
And flooded with soft-spilled April rain
The warm brown earth below.

ATONEMENT

Catherine M. Harkins, '47

I grow with the rose like pain with joy,
Full many a violent curse have I heard
When a stalker of beauty invades my domain
To find that his pilfering scheme is deterred
By a misplaced needle, a ruthless barb,
Perpetual shaming volley.
But I hide not my prick, I continue to thrive,
Dame Nature's constant folly.
Absurd and vain—such slander my lot,
My destiny—man's implacable frown:
But penance I did many eons ago—
Bloody tears I shed in a bloody Crown.

GRAM

Claireanne Powers, '48

WE CALL ourselves the "Kelley Clan." Why? Because there are thirty-three of us and each has a special place in his heart for the other. When Janet falls from the piazza and lands unconscious, thirty-two individuals are in a flurry. When Daniel is awarded a medal for heading his class, thirty-two individuals walk with pride.

Gram has nine children, three sons-in-law, four daughters-in-law, fifteen grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. What is more unusual is that an inexplicable tie exists among all Gram's offspring. This tie is love, love that emanates from Gram. If you ask her about it, she will say in her quiet manner that it is only natural for families to be so devoted. About this I disagree. In-law trouble is a discord in today's living. I give credit to Gram. She raised her family aright, and has been well rewarded. Modern child psychology? Gram maintains that it is not modern.

"Children are all the same whether 1900, 1945, or 1990 is or will be their birthdate. Just give them love and discipline them to be happy men and women." There in a nutshell is the epitome of Gram's child psychology.

Gram is old now. If you ask her just how old, she will answer, with a wee bit of Ireland in her talk, "Will seventy be near enough?" Vanity of vanities, trying to hide her age, not because she wants to grow younger. "No, I have lived my life," but because she does not want to die, yet.

"Don't misunderstand me now, I'm not afraid to die. I just want my George to get married and my Arthur to come

home. Then I'll know my family is well cared for and I'll rest peacefully in heaven." George is the only single member of generation II and Arthur is a marine now stationed in China.

Every Thanksgiving and Christmas the entire family—yes, all thirty-three members—gathers at Gram's house. These are her happiest days. Like a queen she sits in her "special corner," in her "special chair," wearing her "special dress," and beams with joy. Every new coat, new pair of shoes, or new hair ribbon receives an admiring pat from her. How she takes pride in her grandchildren. Cherubic Jane and Jay, her great-grandchildren, are the "special favorites." On these holidays Gram tells us stories about her childhood and trip to America.

"It was on the ship that I met your grandfather. I was sixteen at the time and had just left my dear mother in Ireland to join Aunt Rose in America. Naturally, I was a wee bit weary, but Michael, God bless him, made the trip endurable. In those days it was a long voyage, you know, across the ocean. Michael was on his way to his people in Manchester, and, the rascal, he settled in Boston instead. That was because I was there, of course. We were married two years later and a wonderful marriage it was. You know all I did to my name was add an "e." Yes, I was Kelly before I married Mike and Kelley after I married him."

But Gram, that letter is a tremendous element in your life. Because of it you are surrounded by ever-loving, ever-adoring admirers.

The most outstanding virtue she possesses is patience. For the past year she has been confined to a chair because of foot ulcers. The pain is excruciating and she suffers constantly. No medical treatment will heal her. Nature must

take its course. Never once in the twelve long months she has been sitting in her "special chair" in her "special corner" has she complained. She is positive that if she is patient God will help her.

Gram has a passion for lapel pins and earrings and has a set to match every outfit. She likes people who think life is wonderful, people with gentle personalities, and people who are interesting conversationalists. She likes "Lowell Thomas and his analysis of the news." Few things displease her. Nail polish, bow ties, grapefruit, and bright lights are the chief offenders.

At present Gram is desperately ill. If God wills it, she will live to see "my George married and my Arthur home," but if it is time for the leader of our "clan" to face her Maker, she is not afraid to die.

God love you and keep you always, Gram.

NEVER A MAN

Katherine M. Chisholm, '48

To all who knew him Neil was just another American boy who volunteered his services when his country needed him. Like thousands of others he went through "boot camp" at Great Lakes, and was sent on for advanced training as radioman for a Navy bomber.

To me he was simply my best friend's brother. Perhaps the one thing I remember most vividly was his manner of answering the telephone. "Hello! City Desk!" or "Hello! City Dump!" always meant I had the right number.

There was one factor that set Neil apart from all the other boys in the neighborhood. It was his hat. I really should not dignify it by the title of "hat"; it was more like a piece of felt that had been torn, and battered, and flattened by a two-ton steam roller. Then again, he really did not "wear" his hat; he simply perched it on the back of his head. I never ceased to wonder what strange force contrived to keep it there.

He had a deep love for sports and took an active part in many games. He was not one of the heroes. He did his best and usually held his own. In the summer he always managed to attend the ball games in Boston, as did practically every other boy in the neighborhood.

In appearance he was a tall, loosely knit lad with a head of hair which looked as if it had never met a comb. He was a happy-go-lucky, impetuous, fiery, reckless, animated edition of an all-American boy. He "was mischievous without malice," never nursed a grudge and disliked people who did.

Like so many modern American youngsters his head was always in the clouds. That is why, when he joined the Navy to fight, he chose as his weapon of war an airplane, a Navy dive-bomber, one of the most dangerous of all planes.

When he came home on leave he was the same Neil that had left months before. Perhaps he was a little more mature in looks, but the ever-present grin, the same easy-going manner which had characterized him as a youngster were still there.

I shall always remember Neil, not as a man, but as a boy. It will have to be that way. A yellow slip of paper makes it so. It said:

“The Navy Department regrets to inform you . . .”

DELIGHT

Jean F. McCourt, '47

These things I like to listen to:
The laughter of children, noisy boys,
The honk of horns, and singing toys,
Red robins trilling midst the dew,
The hum of cars, a circus band,
An echo flung from a pine-hill-top,
The roaring surf's quick pounce on land,
And grinding presses that seldom stop,
The soothing sound when sleep steals o'er
The friendly town like a closing door.

EDITORIALS

ATTENTION!

In our agnostic, pragmatic, materialistic age, diverse varieties of illogical, basically unsound philosophies, sway popular thought. We should be sensitively aware of the increasing un-Christian activity in these United States.

God has blessed this land with vast natural resources, with political and religious freedom. Are we to risk losing these blessings through a degeneration of moral standards? We have become deeply conscious of the conditions abroad in the world, through the cataclysmic upheaval of global war. We know the appalling condition into which a country subordinating the spiritual to the material can fall. We have but to note the increasing divorce rate, with its blatant publicity, the decreasing birth rate, to feel alarmed. The prevailing mode of popular amusement fosters these unmoral, unnatural conditions by treating lightly or disparagingly the things once considered the basis of sound Christian living. The family has been dubbed the backbone of a nation, it still retains that position, for how can a nation long survive when the prime factors of society are disrupted?

Our country is strong and beautiful. It should hold the position of Christianizer of the world. Through individual and united effort this can be assured.

M. J. D., '46

NEGRO HAVEN:

Not the least of the nation's growing evils is racial prejudice. Saturated with an intolerance and hatred comparable to Nazi ideologies, it has risen to menacing proportions and opens a cancerous pathway into the very core of the American social body.

Events of recent date, brought blatantly before the public eye, have shown the unrestrained and open animosity of many so-called democratic Americans toward the Negro. The conflicts have become more frequent; the differences more acute; the outbreaks more violent.

As an antidote. enraged voices of honest, righteous citizens have been lifted against this national sin, and sincere efforts have been made to promote true democratic thought and action.

But is this enough? Can mere finite reason and unaided energy bridle prejudice, temper thought, and sway wills? I think not. For even a mighty Christian world needed the advent of a Dominic with the new and awful potency of the Rosary to combat the Albigensian heresy; the once stalwart, then stumbling France needed a God-sent Joan of Arc to deliver it from English assault; and Lutherized Europe of the 16th century found the truth-crusader, Ignatius.

Without the intervention of God no one of these achievements could have been wrought. In the same way, God sees the urgent and peculiar need of our nation today and hastens to answer our prayers for the obliteration of Negro prejudice. It is significant that devotion to Blessed Martin de Porres, a colored Dominican lay-brother, has, of late, become conspicuously popular and widespread. Born in Lima, Peru, in 1579, he labored during most of his life for the physical and spiritual relief of his fellowmen and became, through an unquenchable love of God, the Apostle of humility and charity. Let us offer daily a brief but fervent prayer that through the intercession of Blessed Martin de Porres, Negro intolerance and hatred may be uprooted from the hearts of our people.

B. D., '46

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Becky and I:

Pressed as a senior is by tremendous academic labors, I as one of that motley crew, have invented a means to ensure that my scholastic duties and semester closing dates would finish, happily, neck and neck. The device was that of reading on trains to and from College. The material I selected was books required for our Senior Novel Course. But nothing made by man escapes his smudge; and curiosity was not stayed by the angel's flaming sword.

I was no sooner seated in one of the El's most prized seats, had no sooner opened my book and begun to read, when a bobbing head would unmistakeably incline itself in the direction of my shoulder, and a pair of straining eyes go tandem with mine down the page. The manner of my reading depended, to a great extent, on the type of person sitting beside me. If it were a little, grey, old lady, I would read slowly to make sure that she got the gist of the story. If it were a bespectacled, fortyish, obviously "old-maid" type, I would skip certain pages lest her susceptibilities be shocked at the loose living of Becky Sharp, or the miserable plight of Effie Deans. Were it a mere high school boy, I would immediately assume an air of detached hauteur, letting him know that I knew he was meeting for the first time something he didn't know.

Whatever the type that was casting side-long glances at my book, the procedure was invariably the same. For the first thirty seconds their

self-control was intact. Then, inevitably, their eyes wandered about, and came to rest with a curious glance at the book in my hands. This attitude they would hold for five or ten minutes, depending on whether the novel was *Pride and Prejudice* or *Martin Chuzzlewit*. (In passing I would like to remark, for the record, that *Vanity Fair* ranked highest and *Barchester Towers* lowest in holding the attention of my fellow-travelers.)

At any rate, one feels an extraordinary sense of power when she realizes that the happiness or misery of El patrons rests in her hands. Imagine the grief of little, old ladies who never know whether Jeannie said "yes" to save her sister from the scaffold. Imagine the hope that arises in the hearts of "old-maids" when they see Mrs. Bennett matri-monially dispose of three of her five daughters. Picture, if you can, the chagrin of a hearty high school boy who sees the book shut in his face just as Rawdon Crawley and his comrades march off to the Napoleonic Wars. For me, it is a moment of supreme triumph; for them one awful second of abject helplessness.

With unconcealed delight, I note the approach of my "stop." As I rise from the seat, with my book tucked away in a gesture of irrevocable finality, I catch sight of a pair of entreating brown eyes, a lost abandoned look, a painfully puckered brow. I am adamant. My heart is like stone. I look back furtively to see slumped figures resign themselves to life's harsh and inexplicable ways.

* * *

Over the Coffee Cups:

Travel is as difficult through the lanes of our cafeteria these brisk mornings as it is in the mazes of the Subway. When the collegians have at long last reached chairs and have drawn them up to tables, when their cups of steaming coffee are spiralling their aroma upon the air, then the college girl exhibits the profundity of her eager thoughts. For it is a fact, that these intellectual discussions over a cup of coffee hold equal, if not surpassable, rank with any that resound in our classic halls. Here, you will hear Aristotle discussed with fervor; the latest chemical developments analyzed with rare acumen; magnificent poetry recited in the French manner. It is a pity that classes are not held in the cafeteria, for the aroma of good coffee does something to the thoughts and voices of youthful geniuses.

CURRENT BOOKS

Bolts of Melody. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1945. 352 pages.

The literary world has received an unusual and delightful surprise in the appearance of six hundred and sixty-eight of Emily Dickinson's hitherto unpublished poems. It is an event of prime importance; an occasion of warranted jubilation.

Work on this distinguished volume was begun by Mabel Loomis Todd but came to an abrupt halt in 1896 through an irrelevant misunderstanding over property with Emily's sister, Lavinia. It was not until 1929 that the work was again resumed, this time under the editorship of Millicent Todd Bingham at the request of her mother, Mrs. Todd.

The transcription of the poems, many almost illegible, some scribbled on the back of old envelopes, paper, and advertisements was a tremendous challenge to Mrs. Bingham's intellectual judgment, literary taste, and physical power of perseverance.

Yet the finished product stands as a unique testimony to the fulfillment of each of these endeavors. She brought into play a keen discretion and fine discrimination in the task of correcting, inserting punctuation, dividing lines and stanzas, and choosing words. But her peculiar feat of editorship appears in the unusual arrangement of the poems. The book is divided into two parts. The first runs the gamut of the poet's imagination and insight from tiny tributes to her "little kinsmen", through nostalgic and pathetic revelations of childhood days and girlhood love, to philosophical treatments of life in its diverse and variegated phases. The second part contains poems that are personal and occasional, and fragments of a rare and singular beauty.

Bolts of Melody reveals the exciting genius of Emily Dickinson at its fullest expanse, for herein are bared her best lines and maturest thoughts. It is an acquisition of value to American literature and a great personal joy to all who have long proclaimed her poetic power.

Mrs. Bingham has completed with intelligence and with skill the work done by her mother, and has thus given to the literary world a gift for which it must ever be grateful.

Barbara A. Dewey, '46

Speaking of Jane Austen. By Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1945. 268 pages.

Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern both state most emphatically that they did not write *Speaking of Jane Austen* with any idea of making converts to the select cult of *Janeites*. They wrote the book to delight themselves and the other admirers of Jane Austen. With their intention clearly stated, they begin to discuss, comment upon, gossip and conjecture about the novels and the characters created by Jane Austen. They have limited themselves to the six better known and complete novels of Jane Austen: *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Northanger Abbey*, *Emma*, *Persuasion*, and *Mansfield Park*. They have left out *Lady Susan*, *Love and Friendship*, *Sanditon*, and the unfinished *The Watsons*. The form of the book, each author writing alternate chapters, is particularly well-suited to this type of informal discussion.

The first two chapters are captioned, "Introducing Sheila Kaye-Smith to Jane Austen", and "Introducing G. B. Stern to Jane Austen." These inform us how, when, and why each of the authors became interested in Jane Austen. In the rest of the book, Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern severally conduct a tour of the world in which Jane Austen's characters lived and loved. I have advisedly left out "and died", for I learned that there are no-stage deaths in any of Jane Austen's novels.

Each of the authors writes on what interests her most in Jane Austen. Sheila Kaye-Smith muses upon what Elizabeth Bennett wore; how one could prepare a complete menu from the food mentioned by Jane Austen; the clergymen of the period; the doings in country life. G. B. Stern gives her opinion on "chumps"; she wonders about those characters who are mentioned but never appear; she manifests growing interest in Jane Austen's opinions on higher education for women. The authors have a deep understanding of Jane Austen and her books. Their sincere admiration for Jane coupled with their exuberant enthusiasm generates an irresistible combination. They will charm and delight generations of *Janeites*.

If you like Jane Austen, this book will prove a treasure-trove. If you do not know her, this book will send you flying to your bookstore to make up for late acquaintanceship.

Margaret J. McKenna, '46

Shadows Over English Literature. By Constance Julian. New York: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1944. 93 pages.

Constance Julian has shown with convincing, conclusive clarity the ever darkening shadows of disbelief over English literature. She has traced through the lives of major poets, the pattern of the shadow. Cowper bore the effects of "the black frost of Calvinism", and throughout life felt the blight of not knowing and understanding the unspotted flower of Catholic faith. Chatterton felt the call to the supernatural, but in an age of growing materialism, his sensitive soul felt that it must hide itself, and though he came gloriously forth, he was crushed by the powers of evil which had consorted in England to abolish the Mass. She presents Coleridge as "The Saddest Case of All", showing how he sought after the truth of beauty but never reached the fulness of its source in Catholicism because the shadow of error had clouded men's sight. Although Catholicism was a guide to Coleridge, it was not acknowledged. His "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" is here beautifully interpreted, exemplifying Coleridge's religious experiences and strengthening the fact that he was searching for the Church. Had Coleridge built his "intellectual edifice" upon the Rock, not upon man-made theology, true immortality would have been his. Swinburne and Keats found themselves incapable of reaching the heights for they attempted it hampered by the faulty ladder of the dogmas put forth by Luther and Calvin. Keats loved beauty, but never followed it to its home in the Church. Rossetti, fed on an atmosphere void of religion, fell into sensual entanglements to seek release at the hands of mediums. Rossetti fell because the religion he knew was not sufficient to inspire resistance to temptation. Through the lives of Adam Lindsay Gordon, and Arnold Bennett, she traces the ever increasing materialism and desire for sensual experience. Arnold Bennett's writing failed to go beneath the surface of humanity and plumb the depths of the soul, for he lacked the equipment of true Faith. The shadow of the Reformation is shown in the literature of America, exemplified by Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Holmes. These men realized too late that the New Thought they advocated was inadequate and erroneous, for they could not recall their disciples who were losing themselves in "inextricable mazes of optimistic dreams . . . destined to bring forth swarms of "new religions and strange cults." She shows the imperfections of Sinclair Lewis, with his

sordid views on humanity, yet he promises a faint glimmer of dawn in his utopian refuges for wanderers. Dreiser is likewise beginning to realize the relationship between Catholicism and purity. The closing chapters of the book hold the promise of a "Second Spring" with the beacon of Francis Thompson's and Cardinal Newman's work to dispel the shadows. In the writings of these men we see the freedom from doubt, the unswerving purpose, the firm grasp of Truth blotting out materialism, sensualism, and the man-made religions inadequate to solve the problems of humanity. Constance Julian shows through her choice of words, logical, convincing statements, that she fully understands and appreciates the subject she has chosen to present.

Shadows Over English Literature is a marked contribution to the pure literary world of today, for it inspires the attainment of the heights, it opens the eyes of this literary world to the realization that: "Literature is the expression through the aesthetic medium of words, of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and that which is in any way out of harmony with those dogmas is not literature."

Marjorie J. Dickneite, '46

Cass Timberlane. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Random House, 1945.
390 pages.

Cass Timberlane, Sinclair Lewis's nineteenth novel, is a perverted attempt to present "a romance of our time." It is the story of Lewis's apprehensions and hopes concerning the marriage of a middle-aged man to a young woman. It depicts the courtship and marriage of these two people: sedate Judge Cass Timberlane of a Minnesota District Court, and fiery, young Virginia Marshland, socialite, craftsman, and designer.

The imaginary city of "Grand Republic," Minnesota, is the setting of the novel. The story plunges into the efforts of Cass Timberlane to transform his young bride into a happy wife through the social atmosphere of the best families, by founding a family, and hoping that she will avoid the pitfalls of the life essentially a part of the society of "Grand Republic."

To this "romance of our time" Lewis has pontificated in sections entitled "An Assemblage of Husbands and Wives" which present his findings in regard to married or unmarried life of every character of the novel.

Lewis holds to the same quick flashes of insight that in *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, and *Main Street* gave some credence to his accolade of America's foremost interpreter; but in *Cass Timberlane* the blot on the escutcheon is very evident. "Grand Republic", Minnesota, is set forth as a typical American city offering a typical way of American living. Yet, in the main, it views life only from the aspect of satisfaction of impulse. Marriage is represented as a thin-veneered cover of local respectability; as soon as the characters are away from the home locality, they are free to do as they please. They are all herded in the field of unmorality. Mr. Lewis is generalizing from a few particulars. Our times are not all "Grand Republics". In thus claiming too much, he has put too much stress on the base of his novel, and it breaks down. His presentation is neither Christian nor American; rather it is vaguely reminiscent of a pagan age.

As an established American writer with great power as a novelist, Mr. Lewis has grown increasingly false to his trust. It is to be lamented that his genius should have been wasted on *Cass Timberlane*.

Ann H. Morriss, '46

Too Small A World. By Theodore Maynard. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1945. 335 pages.

It is not an easy task to recount within the cover of a book the achievements of one whose life was one of ceaseless activity, yet Theodore Maynard has accomplished this in his biography of Mother Francesca Cabrini.

In her travels over three continents, this quiet, little nun, frail in body, showed a power in her labors which, at times, surprised even herself. From the early beginnings in Codogno where she had established the society of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, she kept on all her life surmounting the insurmountable. Within a short time, houses were opened in Grumello, Milan, and Rome. It was not only Italy, but the whole world which Mother Cabrini regarded as her mission field. The crying need of her fellow-countrymen in America called her. With perfect confidence in God, she sailed for America at the request of Pope Leo XIII. Having overcome the difficulties which awaited her in New York, she speedily established hospitals, schools, orphanages, convents in the United States at a pace which startles the reader. She carried on her zealous work in Central and South America, England, France, and Spain.

Her saintly personality, her intrepid courage, her shrewd business sense captivated her varied co-workers and benefactors. Her body failed to keep active pace with her intrepid soul and mind, so that in 1917 she died in her loved Chicago convent. A great, little soul!

This stirring account of a living example of Catholic action is couched in simple, clear style. This clarity and simplicity help fulfil the author's intention in writing the book—to inspire many to strive with greater confidence for personal sanctification.

Jane F. Ray, '46

The Lambs. By Katharine Anthony. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1945. 253 pages.

To write a biography without some bias is a difficult task. In this deft handling of an extraordinary story, Katharine Anthony has mirrored her success. With her we recreate the meaningful and eventful days of Pre-Victorian England where Hazlett, Godwin, Hunt, Coleridge, and Lamb formed an intellectual circle bound in "wit and good fellowship." The character of Mary Lamb, the efficient, self-sacrificing daughter who bore, mainly alone, the burden of a senile father and a crippled mother is presented both lovably and pitifully. Her mental unbalance caused by overwork, in the throes of which she fatally stabbed her helpless mother, makes one of the higher catastrophes in literature. Here, it runs like a poisonous stream through the whole biography. The picture of Charles is finely drawn. His gay, indolent, impractical, and humorous nature is weighed down (though its effects are never obtruded) by the family horror. Perhaps there is nothing more pathetic on record than his patient, oft-recurring trips with Mary to the nursing home; then, the ever-buoyant reaction when he brings her back to family life again.

In the book, emphasis is placed on Mary Lamb in an attempt to clarify hitherto unknown, or at least infrequently discussed aspects of her literary endeavors so sadly hindered by her mental relapses. She was unappreciated by her contemporaries perhaps because of her out-of-the-century air; or better, because she was hidden by the brilliance of her brother.

The Lambs is primarily a "human interest" story. Much of the literary criticism seems inadequate. Both stand out as symbols of their age—man's efforts to the fore, woman's relegated to the background.

Phyllis V. Dale, '46

Victoria Through The Looking Glass. By Florence Becker Lennon. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1945. 387 pages.

What happens when a heavily upholstered cover tightly clamps an original genius within its smothering confines of Victorian conventionality? *Victoria Through The Looking Glass* depicts just such a situation. Mrs. Lennon's book closely inspects the Charles Dodgson-Lewis Carroll synthesis; the many facets of his personality, the cramping eternal forces.

Charles Dodgson was born into the most genteel of Victorian personages. Despite the apparent love and kindness in his home, Charles sensed the subtle rigidity of the paternal sway. Later, at Christ Church, Oxford, the conventional pattern closed in on him more and more, as he became Master and Deacon with settled salary and bachelorhood. Charles Dodgson, romanticist and rationalist, was a rather mediocre professor of mathematics. He delighted in logical games and in playful logic. He found some respite from the essential loneliness of his life by lavishing his affections on little girls, especially on child actresses. For lovely little Alice Liddell he created the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland", escaping with her into dreamland. Thence emerged Lewis Carroll when the strain and frustration of reality became too great for Charles Dodgson. In this book is found the purest Carrollian strain. Here, his most delightful fantasy and most daring logic sparkle. *Through the Looking Glass*, and especially, *Sylvie and Bruno* present a lesser transformation of Dodgson into Carroll.

Mrs. Lennon has done her work well—perhaps a little too well. Certainly she has painted the world, the Oxford of Carroll in splendid detail. In this world, she has vividly centered Dodgson-Carroll, grotesque, sensitive, lovable genius that he was. The work is somewhat overladen with psychological analysis—smacking strongly of Freud. She presents her material topically rather than chronologically, always linking the fastidious Dodgson with the "dreamy, delirious" Carroll. This treatment is admirably suited to the subject, for it shifts emphasis from the colorless facts of Dodgson's actual life to the impressionistic-phantom-world of Carroll. Her style is readable, varied, and dynamic.

Nancy A. Sawyer, '46

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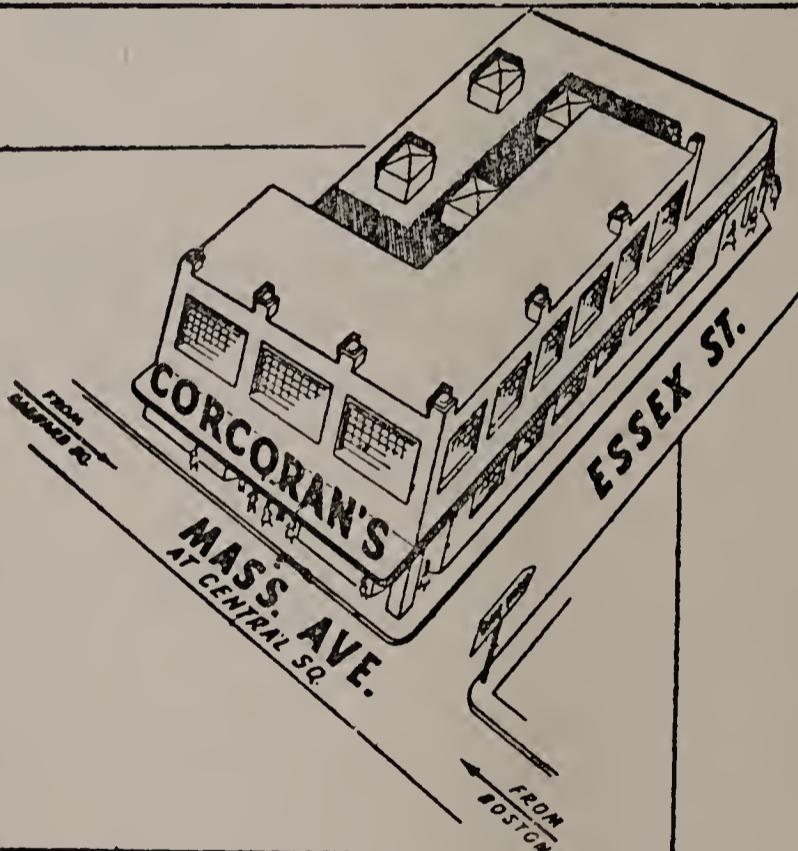
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FLEDGLING

Catherine M. Harkins, '47

I HAVE less than a month to live. Strange that I should be traipsing down to an amusement park when I could be home making arrangements with my undertaker.

There, there, Maggie dear; is that a sound of bitterness in your tone? I thought you were earning the title, "Sweet young thing."

Am I supposed to be exultant because I won't live any longer than my twenty-two years? Sure, I know; you don't have to repeat it. I've got some kind of leukemia. I can't blame anyone for that. But did I have to fall in love, too? Wasn't one disease enough? All my life I have steeled myself against Cupid. I didn't want dates. I forced myself to ignore men. I knew that if I fell in love the whole thing would be hopeless—I could never marry. Oh, but my resistance was high! Then I met Frannie, Captain Francis Power, United States Army Air Corps. It was right on this spot that the affair began. He was returning my Scottie. The little imp had broken away and had run like a savage among the throngs. The tall Captain talked to the dog, Judge Hardy fashion, as they approached.

"My boy, you're quite a diver, aren't you? You're so good at it that you didn't quite drown in that fishpool."

He grinned at the mischievous pup and then inquired, "Is this globetrotter part of your family, Miss?"

"Yes, he is. Thank you very much, I didn't think I'd catch him this time. He gets wild in a crowd."

The scamp was dancing up and down, begging the Cap-

tain to play with him. I smiled at the officer, thanked him again, and motioned to Scottie to come. But he lay at Frannie's feet, inert. I clucked, and whistled, and poked, and begged, but my feminine charm was taking a holiday. Gradually the rogue's intention penetrated and Frannie suggested, "I'd better walk the two of you home or you'll be stranded here all night."

Maybe it was a matter of form, maybe it wasn't, but anyway, Fran asked me out. And because I didn't have a plausible excuse I said yes.

Fortified with a few cliches to support my anti-love attitude I was bent on making the best of a miserable occasion. After dinner and a movie we went for a stroll along the beach. Nature took no special notice of the drama; she was placidly prosaic: warm night, full moon, sandy sand. Fran and I meandered to the top of Beetle Rock to sit and watch the tide. We talked of this and of that, of my Scottie, and of my life.

"My grandmother's been suffering from arthritis for years. The doctor said that another northern winter would only aggravate her condition so she and I packed up and came to Florida."

"Has the change been helpful?"

"I really don't know. Nanna hasn't complained very much since we've been here; maybe that's because she wants me to think the trip hasn't been in vain."

Fran looked at me quickly, "Maybe it's a characteristic of real sufferers not to complain."

Somewhat abashed I replied, "Perhaps I haven't given her the ideal motive."

"You're very much attached to your grandmother, aren't you?"

"Yes; I've lived with her since I was six. My parents died in an automobile crash and she has taken care of me since then. She's tried to make life livable. She's done a pretty good job of being father, mother, and grandmother all in one."

"And what, may I ask, have you been to her?"

Nosey, I thought; but I answered indignantly, "I've tried to be grateful."

"You mean it takes an effort to be grateful?"

Confused, chagrined, I couldn't explain, so I said, "Let's skip it."

"Sorry."

By now a chilly breeze had blown up. We scrambled from the rock and made our way inadvertently to the amusement park. Munching on hot dogs we pushed through the crowds, stopping for a minute to watch an impudent monkey gather pennies; or to exercise our pitching arms with "three balls for a nickel"; or to try to shoot off Hitler's mutilated head with a B-B rifle. Somewhere in the distance an old phonograph was wheezing, "Is it true what they say about Dixie?" Following the sound my Captain and I landed in front of our memorable carousel. The stage was spinning in a swirl of gaudy lights and cheap paper pennants. Soldiers from the nearby camp, with their girls on their arms, were swarming aboard the platform, climbing the flying horses, calling, laughing, singing to the brassy music. Fran managed to get two tickets and we hopped on like a couple of kids.

"Here, Maggie, quick. Here's a steed for you."

Fran lifted me onto a battered old roan, the only empty seat on the merry-go-round. After the first trip we rode again and again, side by side, up, then down. Finally the proprietor begged, "Holy Hannibal, folks! I gotta close up

for the night. Wouldja mind leavin' now? Come back in the mornin' and ride all day, but I gotta get some shut-eye now."

I don't remember everything we did on the way home—sampled salty popcorn, sighted make-believe submarines, caught shooting stars. I remember Fran kissing me. I was so happy I cried, and he kissed the tears away. All that night I dreamed I was on a wild horse chasing an eagle in flight. I caught the eagle and then I woke up.

When I wasn't ministering to my grandmother I admonished myself for being ten different kinds of fool. Maggie Winters, falling in love! Maggie Winters, the lass who has spent the major part of her adult life dodging men, avoiding love, stifling emotion—heels over head in love! Maggie Winters with two months to live, in love with a flier! My anti-love crusade began anew with the familiar admonitions. There's no sense in loving any man. I won't live long enough to be a wife. Why break a man's heart by marrying him and dying a few weeks later? He's entitled to more than a few weeks; he's entitled to a long life-time. I can't be selfish; I can't give myself two months of limit, knowing that someone else's happiness will end so soon. As far as I'm concerned, love, marriage, children, they're all out. If I have to be a martyr to disease, I'm going to be a bitter one.

Of course, Captain Frannie hadn't even mentioned marriage or hinted at love. I resolved to see him no more, think of him no more, love him no more. But when the sound of his voice came over the phone I forgot my resolutions; I forgot my bitterness; I forgot leukemia.

"A hayride? Frannie, I'd love to."

"Tomorrow at seven-thirty? I'll be ready."

"Slacks and flats all right?"

"Oh, Nanna's fine. We went walking this morning."

"Tomorrow, then. 'Bye."

The haywagon was stacked with couples, some married, the rest single, all in love. Fran and I snuggled into a mound of fresh, tickly hay, on the very top of the pile. As soon as the driver called, "Geddyup," the laughter and chatter were smothered in the harmony of contagious song. First we bubbled through "Pack Up Your Troubles"; then "There's A Long, Long Trail"; and "Till We Meet Again." Fran could sing. He didn't croon; he didn't crow; he sang. When we came to the picnic grounds we tumbled from the wagon and hunted for a spot for a fireplace. Once the weenies were roasted, and the marshmallows were devoured, the party divided itself into twosomes. Fran hurried me to a secluded spot on the edge of a lagoon where we found a canoe fastened to land by a trailing vine. Noiselessly he paddled out of the cove into the perfection of a moony, starry night. The only sounds were the gentle lapping of the water and the occasional plaint of a lonely bird. I picked a lily from its floating flotilla, plucked the petals one by one, and cast them in the wake of the canoe.

"You're a bit destructive tonight," Fran whispered.

"Ruthless is the word."

"Too much moonshine, I'm athinkin'. Seriously, what makes you destroy an innocent life?"

"Too much moonshine, I'm athinkin'!"

Frannie murmured some prayer about "youth in its perfect blossoming" and added warily, "Maggie, what do you think about war marriages?"

I was certain he could hear the clamor in my heart as I sputtered, "Why, Fran, I think they're, well . . . I think they're . . . improper."

“You do? Why?”

“It doesn’t seem right to rush into marriage. Lots of people do it just because it’s rather chic to have a furlough wedding: military motif, a lonely wife in a two-room apartment keeping the oil-stove burning till her man comes home.”

Frannie didn’t answer so I continued recklessly, “And what about the children? Some of them will never see their fathers. Some of them will never know what it is to have a man in the house, or a woman either! The poor mothers will be out scrubbing, trying to make both ends meet.”

I don’t know where I got the things I said. The marriage topic had always been taboo, strictly out of my sphere.

Sighing deeply Fran ventured, “Your objection is that a war marriage is too demanding of a wife. But haven’t you heard what somebody said about having ‘freedom in my love, and in my soul I’m free, Angels alone that soar above . . .’ ”

“Oh, Fran, I don’t mean that. If a woman is in love she doesn’t mind what she goes through if she’s helping her man while he’s off somewhere, fighting. And that’s my point: a woman is too emotional; she rushes into a marriage at a time like this, heedless of the consequences; so the outcome isn’t fair to her; she really isn’t prepared for it.”

“But, Maggie, are we ever really prepared for any outcome? We may think we are, yes; but isn’t the actuality always different from the expectation? When I’m up in a plane I try to plan what I’ll do if some jigger gets stuck and the plane noses way down and can’t gain altitude. I know I’m headed for a crash, but will I say my last prayer as I’ve always planned? Maybe my mind and heart will be too frozen with terror to pray. No matter how I plot my last

seconds I have to work without foreknowledge of my last state of mind."

"Frannie, please don't talk about death. You're—you're too young."

"Too young! Fellows younger than I am gave up the ghost at Pearl Harbor. Fellows younger than I am didn't have a chance on Normandy. Mag, death isn't something we can ignore ever. And especially now, during the war. Once you're in the army you know your chances are getting slimmer, and if you've got any sense at all, you don't rebel. You try to acquire a . . . a patient resignation. Maybe the fatal bullet will come; maybe it won't. But in any case you're resigned. That's the best way to be prepared."

"Sounds as if you've done a lot of thinking about it," I managed to fill in.

"Sure, we have to. If you think about it correctly, it doesn't become something hateful. Thinking about it makes it easier. Thinking makes it less like castor oil and more like . . . like peppermint. It has a sting but, . . . it's kind of a sweet sting."

Fran ended with a curt laugh and a shrug of the shoulders. That's what talking about war marriages did for us.

I could see his sturdy frame silhouetted against the moon and I trembled at the thought, ". . . can't gain altitude."

"Maggie, you're chilled. We'd better get back to the fire."

"'Oh, Captain, my Captain,' I guess we'd better; I heard someone calling the party together awhile ago."

Assembled in the wagon for the homeward jaunt the mixed voices joined again in the reliable old tunes: "Moonlight Bay," "Love Me and the World Is Mine," "Smilin' Thru." Two voices were missing, Fran's because he was in-

tent on chewing some marshmallows; mine, because I dared not trust it.

When the crowd had dispersed, Fran and I sauntered toward the amusement park. Just as on the first date we were going to commemorate our meeting by returning to the signal spot. I found myself hoping that we'd always do the same thing. I almost gurgled how romantic it was to return to the shabby merry-go-round. Wasn't it Sir Harry Lauder who used to sing "Love Makes the World a Merry-Go-Round" Wait a minute, Mag. You're not in love. It's just the night, the music, and the silly old moon. Fran said you had too much moonshine. Remember your resolution: love and leukemia don't rhyme. Keep your head. This is the last time you'll see this soldier; this is the last time you'll flirt with that myth, love. Finish the night, and finish the affair.

The park was almost deserted. Most of the concessions had closed for the night, but Fran and I went hopefully to the nook sheltering our degenerate carousel. The manager scowled but he agreed to start the circuit in motion but without the benefit of "Is it true what they say . . ." That didn't matter. With me on my battered old mount and Fran on his favorite nag beside me, we made our own music.

In spite of my apprehensions, in spite of my decisions, in spite of that blasting leukemia, I saw Fran time and again. Almost every night for the following two weeks I lived in utter happiness. And every morning after, my Jiminy Cricket conscience begged me to be sensible. "Maggie," he would say, "no good will come of this." Then I'd plead: "The affair's harmless. Fran hasn't mentioned love." Jiminy would pipe, "It's coming to that; it is; I know it is." Nothing daunted I'd pout: "Every girl has a right to love. I've

been love-starved; so it's all right for me to have a fling." Poor Jiminy, perpetually militant, would implore, "It isn't right to trifle with a man's affection. If Frannie says the three little words what are you going to say? You can't say you don't love him; I won't let you. You can't say you do love him; leukemia will take care of that. So where are you?"

I knew my conscience was right. If I were to tell Fran I didn't love him, I'd be afraid of the effect. If I were to tell him I did . . . well, how can I tell him I love him? How can I tell him I love him so much it's tearing me to pieces? How can I tell him I love the twinkle in his eye, the kink in his hair, the awe in his face when we stop to watch a baby? How can I? I have no right to him. I wish my two months were up. I have no right. . . . Maybe I'm making a mountain out of a molehill.

The night of the Officers' Formal I was radiant. Fran thought so, too; he paid me a supreme compliment by requesting the orchestra to play "The Way You Look Tonight." But as he whispered the words I sensed that something was amiss; an air of constraint affected the dancers. At the close of festivities the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne" and then I knew. The dance was an unofficial farewell to the officers of the camp. They had received their overseas assignments. My Captain was being sent across.

It was a relief to be alone with Frannie and the comforting darkness of the night. We strolled toward our private Mecca, counting stars, saluting the man in the moon, christening fireflies. We paused at a bench, holding hands, my head on his shoulder. Tenderly he cupped my face and said gravely, "I've already told you in a million different ways, Maggie, you know I love you."

My heart melted in my eyes.

"Maggie, if I'm sent across, will you wait for me till I get back?"

"Frannie, there'll never be anyone else."

He kissed me lightly. Then he took his wings from his tunic, and pinned them on my wrap. The warmth in his embrace, the possession in his kiss alleviated all fear. He loves me; I love him. Time, eternity, leukemia can never alter that.

"No matter what I go through over there, as long as I have your promise, I have a shield. As long as I have your love I have a hope."

"As long as you have a hope I have a prayer."

The amusement park was completely deserted, but the manager of the merry-go-round consented to let us use the familiar horses. Perhaps he guessed it would be the last time for a long time. The platform was stationary; the lights had been extinguished; the crowds were absent but we played our game as if the whole carnival panorama were proceeding as usual. My horse was suspended high on his pole; Frannie's was crouched near the floor. Softly we sang about "Dixie", about "Home, Sweet, Home," about "The wild blue yonder."

Frannie murmured, "If my plane is ever caught in the 'wild blue yonder' the way this horse is moored to the floor, that's the time I'll need my 'patient resignation'; that's the time I'll need your prayer."

That night he kissed me "au revoir."

That night . . . that night was two weeks ago, and here I am like a baby moping in front of a sanctified carousel; promising I'll be here when he comes back! I really don't regret loving Frannie, even if it is an ill-starred romance.

Now I know that there is a kind of freedom in love—my soul is free. Frannie gave it his wings.

“Come on, Scottie; it’s time we started for home; no more reminiscing; have to take the bitter with the sweet.”

Listen to that shaky record, “Is it true what they say . . .”

“Holy Hannibal! Don’t leave your seats, folks. Just a little adjustment and the machine will be goin’ in jig-time!”

I’m glad it’s all right again. I wouldn’t want anything to happen to . . . Frannie’s horse! It doesn’t move.

“Mister, can’t you fix that grey horse in the middle. It doesn’t go up and down.”

“Sorry, lady, gears are broken. It’s stuck permanently.”

If my plane is ever caught . . . that’s the time . . . patient resignation . . . your prayer . . . au revoir.

“Oh, Frannie—my prayer—your wings. . . .”

COWARDICE

Florence L. Logue, '46

When I am all alone at night
And darkness veils time’s reality
My earth-girt fears take sudden flight,
My plans embrace eternity.
When morning’s harsh and cruel light
Dispels the dim obscurity,
Then, though the day illumines my sight,
Alas! I can no longer see.

CALLING SUZANNE

Laure E. Thibert, '47

Four times a year I'll call you, dear . . .

I'll call you first on an April dawn,
And help your spirited child-feet leap
The new-thawed brook to the woodland where
An awakening yearling will stare.

Four times a year I'll call you, dear . . .

In June I'll call you at glowworm time,
And there in a tangled world of tall
Sweet grass where the crickets hide we'll lie
Till the first star hangs in the sky.

Four times a year I'll call you, dear . . .

In October I'll call with a vagabond song,
And with russet leaves bind up your wispy hair;
And you'll dance on that gypsy trail we roam
Till the first frost leads us home.

Four times a year I'll call you, dear . . .

And on a drowsy December day
While you dream near the hearth, I'll wait on the hill,
Expectantly still; then softly I'll call
When the first shy snowflakes fall.

*Four times a year I'll call you, dear.
Will you be near enough to hear?*

CAREER

Maureen E. Collins, '47

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

CHARACTERS: PEGGY LAWLOR

KENT DOWLING

LUCIEN DEVEREAUX

MISS HARTE

TIME: Visiting hours during the evening.

PLACE: St. Luke's Hospital, N. Y.

SETTING: A private room in the hospital. Center middle an iron bed painted white. At its left a porcelain table with radio, tray of glasses, and medicines, towels on underneath shelf of same. On its right a rocking chair. The room is small, very white, but made very cheerful by several vases of flowers placed on the table and window on the right. An open door is on the left.

AT RISE: Soft footsteps of nurses and the slight tinkle of trays are heard in the corridor. PEGGY LAWLOR is discovered lying in bed with a cast on her leg. Suspended from the ceiling is a mechanical device holding same. She is engrossed in a booklet entitled, "The Blue Wastebasket, A Comedy in Three Acts." A nurse appears in the doorway. Behind her a man's profile can be seen. He is six ft. tall, blond hair, light complexioned. He is wearing an officer's rain garb which he removes as soon as he enters the room, revealing a strong body clothed in gray gabardine.

MISS HARTE: A visitor, Miss Lawlor.

PEGGY: Kent! Well, hello. (She beams.)

KENT (handing her a box, neatly wrapped): Peggy,

honey, how are you? (*He sits down in the chair, leans over and takes her hand in his.*) I brought a little something for you.

PEGGY: You sweet boy, aren't you thoughtful. What is it? (*She fingers it, opening it as she continues to talk.*) You shouldn't have come all the way over here to see me tonight, Kent. I thought you had classes?

KENT: Well, I did, but I cut them.

PEGGY: Oh, Kent, you shouldn't have done that! (*She half smiles and half frowns.*)

KENT: Aren't you glad to see me?

PEGGY: Of course I am, but . . . (*She fingers the sheet nervously.*)

KENT: Never mind any buts, it's worth it. I just had to see you tonight, honey.

PEGGY: (*Much emphasis is placed on this word.*) Had to? (*There is a troubled look in her eye.*)

KENT (*imploringly*): Honey, you know what I mean. Please don't look at me that way. (*He drops his head in his hands for a few seconds and there is a silence.*)

PEGGY: But, Kent, you want to be a good lawyer, don't you? When it's all over you'll be sorry you wasted time on me. Others will be getting the cases you want because you won't be able to handle them. Oh, I'm sure you'll make a good lawyer, but I want you to be the best! Darling, don't you see?

KENT (*with a touch of sarcasm but more of despair*): What difference does it make to you?

PEGGY: Well, if you're going to talk that way, Kent, we've discussed this over and over. Please. Wait until I'm back on my feet.

KENT: You mean wait until that other scrounge can win you over?

PEGGY: Lucien is a very nice fellow, Kent. He's not your type, so I can understand why you don't like him.

KENT: Huh! That isn't the point. I don't like him because he cuts in on me. He has plenty of money to shower you with gifts. I'm up against too many odds. Where did you ever pick him up? One of your actor friends, I suppose. (*He takes out a cigarette, taps it on the back of his hand and reaches for his Ronson.*)

PEGGY: Not allowed to, Kent.

KENT: Sorry, I wasn't thinking. (*Pause of a few seconds and they both speak at once, then laugh.*)

PEGGY: Yes, what were you saying?

KENT: No, go ahead, go ahead, it wasn't important. (*He looks at her imploringly and sighs.*)

PEGGY: I almost forgot, Kent, your flowers are beautiful. You didn't have to send them. They must be awfully expensive.

KENT: Can't let that Frenchman get ahead of me, you know. I knew how you loved sweet peas, and that's all there is to that. Say! When you're well, we're going to have a wonderful time. How would you like to visit my uncle's farm in New Jersey? You could have a wonderful rest there, and you wouldn't be on your leg too much. How about it, honey?

PEGGY: But, Kent, the "Wastebasket"! You know, the play, I'm hoping to get the lead! I'll have to go right into it as soon as I get out of here. Kent, darling, I'd love to, but this chance, I can't give it up! (*A frown darkens her face and there is pleading in her voice.*) I just can't Kent. (*She looks at him searchingly.*)

KENT (*speaking slowly*): You're awfully set on doing it, Peggy, aren't you?

PEGGY (*slightly irritated*): Of course, yes. What do you mean . . . the way you say it, sounds as if you didn't want me to?

KENT (*looking at her straight in the eye, spacing the words thoughtfully yet in a gentle tone*): No, Peggy, I don't.

PEGGY (*sitting up quickly with an anxious voice*): You don't!

KENT: Darling, you don't understand. (PEGGY flops back on her bed disgustedly, turns away and looks out into the doorway. There is a dejected look in her eye.) It isn't that I don't want you to be successful or, that is, happy. I have an idea I can make you very happy, if you didn't have a stupid career in your mind. Oh, I know, you think I'm old fashioned; perhaps I am, but Peggy, darling, you know I love you and want more than anything else to marry you.

PEGGY (*still looking out the door*): I'm sorry, Kent; not right away. We haven't enough money . . .

KENT (*interrupting her*): You mean I haven't enough money!

PEGGY: No! No! (*With impatience*.) Neither of us have. What money you have you need for law school. I mean, oh, money isn't the only reason.

KENT: (*Wide-eyed with surprise, he stares at her for a moment without speaking. He is thinking fast, things are becoming clear to him and suddenly he cries*): So! That's it! Peggy . . . (*in anguished tone*) Peggy, you don't love me, do you? You don't do you?

PEGGY: I . . . I . . . (*She turns to him, speaks with a troubled look in her eye*.) Kent, I don't know. (KENT sighs,

drops his head in his hands and for a moment there is silence. Looking up he speaks softly.)

KENT: I'm sorry, Peggy . . .

PEGGY (*interrupting him*): You needn't be at all, Kent. And . . . and, I think you misunderstand me. When I said I didn't love you, it wasn't that I don't love you definitely . . .

KENT (*slightly irritated*): You don't love me definitely! Goodness, woman, you either love a person or you don't.

PEGGY: No, no, Kent, I do love you . . .

KENT (*interrupting her in a voice pitched higher*): Then, why, why?

PEGGY: I have another love, Kent.

KENT: Oh. (*He lowers his gaze, rubs his chin with his index finger.*) I hadn't thought of that. Lucien, I suppose?

PEGGY: Lucien! (*She suddenly laughs uncontrollably. Then cries.*) Kent, you little old pot! Darling, you are a scream!

KENT (*decidedly bewildered and more hurt*): What are you talking about? Peggy, I don't think this is funny, I'm serious and if you think this is all a joke . . .

PEGGY (*still laughing*): No, darling. Your loving me, I don't think that's funny at all! When I said I had another love, it wasn't necessarily another man!

KENT (*more bewildered than ever and frowning*): Oh! (*He bites his lip.*)

PEGGY: The other love, Kent, is the theater. (*She is quite sober with this statement.*)

KENT (*a mixture of dejection and relief on his face*): I just don't know what to say, Peggy. It's a relief in a way, but . . . but, then it's almost as bad an obstacle the way it is. You read so much about career versus marriage these days. Darling, I'm afraid of that kind of situation. (*He frowns.*)

PEGGY (*exhibiting less sympathy than drama*): I know how you feel, Kent. And had it been a year ago, I would have seen it your way, I would have given up the chance at a career. But darling, success is like a germ. It gets into you and to get it out is a terrible struggle. Right now I have the biggest chance of a lifetime facing me. To give it up now is . . . is impossible. (*The definiteness in her voice is unquestionable.*)

KENT: But darling, think what you'd be giving it up for! (*He shrugs his shoulders in embarrassment.*) Oh, I don't mean me! Marriage, darling. You don't seem to see how wonderful it is; it's the only career for a woman. (*His voice pleads.*) I know I can't be happy without you. Please, sweet, don't you see?

PEGGY: Perhaps you are right. And in case you are, we won't be married. Then there will be no difficulty of career versus marriage. Not that I wouldn't want to be married to you. (*She tries to be matter-of-fact.*)

KENT (*putting it up to her*): Then you mean you refuse to see it my way?

PEGGY: Yes, if you mean by refusal giving up my career entirely to become nothing more or less than a domestic.

KENT (*with fire in his eyes*): So that's what you think of it? Perhaps it is just as well that I'm not going to marry you, or that you aren't going to marry me. (*He jumps up from his chair, grabs his coat, preparing to leave.*)

PEGGY: Darling, wait a minute, I didn't mean that, really I didn't! (*Suddenly realizing what she has said, her voice pleads.*) Kent! Come here, you poor thing, I don't blame you at all. Listen to me!

KENT (*stopping at the doorway, he turns to her and solemnly speaks*): Peggy, when I came to you with a pro-

posal of marriage I was serious. I was serious about wanting you as a wife not a plaything. If you think caring for me and the children we might have is too dull a job, I don't want to share it with you. I don't want to be married just for the sake of being married, I can take care of myself. When I get married it'll be because I'm in love and for no other reason. However, what your reasons would be I'm sure I don't know. (*With that statement he leaves the stage by way of the door on the left.*)

PEGGY: (*Her mouth is open as if to speak. She closes it and flops back onto the pillow and covers her face in her hands; in a few seconds she can be heard softly sobbing. She cries for a few minutes, wipes her eyes, looks straight ahead, narrowing her face in a stern grimace, bites her lip and speaks audibly*) : I don't care, I don't care! (*She swings her arm down to the bed with a thump.*) That man! (*She makes a guttural sound and at the same moment Miss HARTE appears in the doorway.*)

MISS HARTE: Another visitor, Miss Lawlor.

PEGGY: (*She squirms into place and smiles.*) Certainly, Miss Harte, let him in.

(*A tall distinguished gentleman appears. He wears a mustache, combs his hair in sleeky fashion and bears a haughty expression. He is dressed in black from head to toe. He carries a walking cane. He removes his coat, tiptoes over to the bed, kisses PEGGY on the forehead and smiles.*)

PEGGY: Lucien! I'm so glad to see you. Won't you sit down? (*He lays his coat across the back of the chair and then sits ceremoniously.*)

LUCIEN: Chèrie, how are you? 'Ave you ben terribly uncomfortable? Eet was eempossible for me to arrive sooner. All the day long, I 'ave ben theenkeeng of you. (*He*

reaches in his pocket and produces a small box.) Heere, just forr'you.

PEGGY: Oh, Lucien, you never forget anything, do you?

LUCIEN: When eet ees for a charmeeng Mademoiselle . . . no! (*They both laugh.*)

PEGGY (*opening the box enthusiastically*): I can't imagine what a Frenchman would give a lady!

LUCIEN: Can't you really? (*He is just being obliging.*)

PEGGY: It couldn't possibly be perfume?

LUCIEN: You make me feel veree dull. Eesn't there anytheeng you Amereecain women don't guess beforehand?

PEGGY (*holding up a blue bottle shaped like a spiral*): "Tailspin"! I simply adore the scent. Isn't it just like you to please me?

LUCIEN: Chèrie, your eemptuoseety, don't they call eet?

PEGGY: Whatever prompted you, it couldn't have been a wiser choice, I'm thrilled. (*She looks at him, flirts with him abominably with her eyes.*) Tell me, how is the play coming along?

LUCIEN: Oh, chèrie, when do you theenk you can return? I am so anxious for you to come back eemmediately, someone else might get ze parrt. (*He gesticulates a sign of disapproval.*) That, ma petite, would never do. (*Vehemently.*) You must 'ave zees part, you must! We weell play eet together, ze two of us. Yet, not only weell we play ze part for ze audience, we weell play eet for keeps, pour toujours. Eesn't that marvelous? Chèrie, can you wait?

PEGGY (*laughing and pushing herself away from his attempted embrace*): We shall see, dear . . .

LUCIEN (*in utter amazement*): We shall see! What do you mean, we shall see, mon chère amie? I do not understand. 'Ave you not accept my proposal? Why do you say

theengs like that? Chèrie, you disturb me. What ees eet?

PEGGY (*quite innocently, but not innocently enough*): I . . . promised . . . you . . . (*more quickly*) I promised you I'd marry you? But, Lucien, when?

LUCIEN (*frowning in disbelief*): Eet ees veree funnee what treeks ze memoree plays. Don't tell me you so soon 'ave forgotten? Eet was two weeks ago . . . now do you remember? (*Threateningly*.) I weell help you to recall ze moment . . .

PEGGY (*imploringly*): Lucien, you have no idea how much you distress me when you act this way. Please, let's not spoil a lovely visit by your being unreasonable. Perhaps I did promise to marry you, though at the moment I cannot remember. The play is the thing right now and neither of us has any time to think of anything else.

LUCIEN: Notheeng ees as eemportant as marriage, noth-eeng. What do you suppose other married people do who want to act, who want a career? They seem to manage. One theeng does not necessarily 'ave to go out ze window for ze other. What ees ze matter weeth you? Are you not as capable as ze rest of the acteeng world?

PEGGY: Lucien (*with finality*) I'm not going to argue with you. Did you intend to upset me by this visit? I wish you wouldn't come again if this is the way you're going to act. (*Attempting authority*.) Decide now.

LUCIEN: I'm afraid you beat around ze bush or what eva eet ees called. And, I do not like eet one seengle beet. 'Owever, you weell 'ave your way. But, Mad'moiselle Peggee, you weell be someday veree sorree. Weeth me I brought ze contract, eef you wesh to play ze part you may sign. Ze director must assemble ze cast. Per'aps I shall refuse my part, I do not know.

PEGGY (*Thrilled by the news that she has been picked, all but grabs the contract from his hands. Attempting calm assurance she speaks*): Lucien, I'm so glad you could bring it here. Where do I sign, have you a pen? I don't think mine is here. (*She reaches for her purse but finds no pen.*)

LUCIEN: You needn't bother, I 'ave one here. Are you sure you are doing ze right theeng? 'Ave you made up your mind definitely? No, no, not about ze play, that ees ze good theeng. About us, what about us? Eef I 'ave to geeve you up, ze play, I weell geeve that up too. What do you say?

PEGGY (*So excited about the offer doesn't think about LUCIEN's words. She hurriedly signs her name to the contract. She speaks with utter indifference*): Oh, Lucien, darling, let's wait, shall we? When the play gets moving you will become so engrossed, you'll forget about me.

LUCIEN: Forget about you, when I am playing oppositee you? That ees just ze trouble. No, I am going to excuse myself from ze part.

PEGGY (*still not realizing what he is saying*): Oh, Lucien, you are so impulsive, you amuse me. (*LUCIEN picks up his coat and hat and heads for the door.*) Where are you going, Lucien? Wait a minute. (*Scowling.*) I have some business to talk over with you. I have some messages . . . (*Her voice fails as LUCIEN has disappeared through the doorway on the left. She bites her lip and frowns, her face clouds; just as she is about to burst into tears she notices MISS HARTE passing by the door. In her most persuasive voice she appeals to her nurse.*) Miss Harte, Miss Harte, may I see you? (*She calms down quickly as MISS HARTE enters.*) I would like to have my cast moved a little to the right, it gets awfully tiresome in the same spot. (*She sighs as if her life were one continual burden after another.* There are a few moments

silence, then with irony in her voice and a positive trace of fighting courage, PEGGY speaks.) Miss Harte, for a woman . . . a career, a career . . . is the only thing, isn't it?

MISS HARTE (*startled from her duty, her eyes open wide with wonder mixed with curiosity*): Why, yes, Miss Lawlor, yes. Yes, of course. (*She continues her rearranging and PEGGY slumps back into bed and smiles smugly as*

THE CURTAIN DROPS

REGRET

Catherine M. Harkins, '47

There's much to be said but few words for saying:
Voice hushed, I stand apart in shadow
Of your fluctuating smile, praying
Strange art to express the mystery I know,
Yet may not, nay cannot word it true
The grace-utter loveliness of you.

Like bird's song falling on love-tempered ear,
Like rose scent stolen by a vagabond breeze,
A beauty snatched; you disappear
Yet linger, haunt, and hover, tease
My charmed, subjected heart to rue
The kiss wherein it wedded you.

REMORSE

Barbara A. Dewey, '46

You offered me a pure and flawless stone.
Of brilliant sapphire meant for me alone.
Unknown to me a tempered virgin flame
Glowed deep within your pure and flawless stone.

With child-bright eyes I caught my jewel tight,
And dizzy with the wine of wild delight
Forgot the flame that gave it brilliancy,
And tarnished it to faded dimmed-out sight.

Oh, I would search the earth and heavens high
And barter beauty that can fill the eye
To find the jeweled gift I flung away—
Your pure and flawless love—let it not die!

LOVE LETTERS

Laure E. Thibert, '47

When you are gone I'll write you letters, dear,
Filled with amusing triteness of the day;
I'll dip my pen, pretending you are near,
And make my letters casually gay.
I shall speak only of the happy things,
Remembering our laughter on the hill
The day the blue sky chased our echoings
Until you kissed me and the clouds stood still.

I'll write not of my aching loneliness,
Nor of the stifling tears that I shall shed
On moonless nights; the abysmal emptiness
That weighs upon my heart I'll leave unsaid.
Yet, words I do not write will be love's signs,
For you, I know, will read between the lines.

THE UNVEILING

Charlene L. O'Brien, '47

“**T**HIS way, sir, to the Brandle Exhibition. Down the corridor, and last room to the right.”

“Thank you.”

I smiled as repeated snatches of that refrain accompanied me down the corridor. Evidently the Exhibition was attracting the Boston Brahmins in an appreciable number today. People were gathered in groups here and there; others were walking down the corridor toward the Brandle room. Their soft tread and hushed whispers produced a kind of rhythm, a music confined by warm-tinted walls and thick carpeted floors. Strange how people assume a manner of reverence here. The thought pleased me.

Museums always held a fascination for me, for accumulated within their rooms was a world in miniature. My passage from one exhibition to another always seemed like transporting myself from country to country. I beheld now an old Egyptian figure in alabaster, later a Catalonian chapel, then passing through a corridor gloriously adorned with four Flemish tapestries, I saw a costume display of seventeenth century England. I always found such exploration delightful, but even as a boy, it was the portrait gallery which captivated me. Nothing could quite compare with these men and women who vitalized the museum as they had done the world.

As I leaned against the marble pillar, pondering these thoughts, a party of people drew near. The man they called John talked with a well-modulated Harvard accent. I suspected he was a connoisseur of the arts.

"Yes, and I remember when Brandle married her," he was saying. "You know, Ralph, he was a most unusual fellow, with personal charm and good looks to boot. He met Maria abroad, no one quite knows where, but it was certainly a tempestuous love affair, ups and downs." He paused momentarily. "Do you remember, Susan, surely you must, the evening they walked into the Copley. I swear her titian locks had fire in them, and evidently the photographer thought the same thing. . . ."

"Oh yes," laughed Susan, "you mean when the poor fellow peered a bit too close with his lens. Brandle let loose with a blow which smashed the camera to smithereens."

"Jealous?" asked Ralph.

"Well, that's a mild word for it. He was overbearingly possessive when it came to Maria." She paused, and with a roguish lilt, "Just like John here, he protects me that way from any would-be admirers."

The two men laughed.

"Well, you have to give him credit, as I said before; he has a genius that can't be equalled. Why his paintings positively talk right out at you—perfect form, brilliant coloring."

"John," inquired the girl, "someone said that Brandle limped now?"

"Yes, that's right," he replied. "But the whole affair is shrouded in mystery. No one seems to know just what happened, except suddenly Brandle ceased painting. He hasn't been seen in public for years. I believe it was his gardener, seeing him stroll occasionally through the orchards, who remarked about the limp." John paused and continued gravely. "It's a shame, a man like that squandering . . ."

At that moment a guide announced the opening of the exhibition, so I followed the three into the gallery. There was a soft, mixed murmur of voices. A delectable warmth spread over me as I sensed the feel of the room. One voice, presumably that of the museum guide, rose above the others, directing the visitors to a majestic, veiled painting on the left wall of the gallery. It was to be exhibited for the first time today. I walked over to the corner and drew near to the painting.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are about ready to unveil the portrait," the guide announced.

An expectant hush fell upon the crowd. Then in spontaneous appraisal, exclamations of awe were heard as the drape was removed. The portrait was a full-length view of a titian-haired woman. She was gowned in raven-black which in its severity enhanced the perfection of form and delicacy of coloring which the beauty possessed. Her eyes, more amethyst than blue, defied the inanimation of canvas.

"Magnificent!"

"It's splendid," another exclaimed, and I realized it was the man named John, standing with his party about an arm's length to my left. "There's something about it that baffles one though."

"As you probably know, ladies and gentlemen," the guide began, "the painting is that of Maria Lacond, wife of the artist. It is with great honor and pride that we exhibit this portrait today. During the past three years Brandle has repeatedly refused exhibition of it. Brandle was at the zenith of his artistry at this time, and it is the last picture he ever painted."

"What was the reason?" one woman questioned, "I mean, where has Brandle been for the past three years?"

My attention was distracted at that moment by a familiar voice at my left.

"But John," Susan was saying, "you just can't condemn a man like that. I admit there have been some ugly rumors about the way he suddenly vanished into obscurity, but . . ."

"Susan, don't you see, it's another one of those cases. He lost his head; fame and success were just too much for him."

"I wonder what it was," she mused. "There must be some reason."

I listened interestedly, neither wholly agreeing nor disagreeing with their view. There is often justification, I thought, even in motives to all appearances, indefensible. Yet, on the other hand, a perverted egoism can distort a man's outlook, together with actions resultant from it. As my attention returned once again to the gallery, I realized the guide had been explaining something of Brandle's condition for the past few years.

" . . . and he was bitter beyond words. Refused to receive friends, and seemed to shun any form of sympathy. Even our agent, who . . ."

"Excuse me, sir," said John, "but was it because of Maria, this condition of his? I mean it all happened about the same time—her deserting him and sailing for England."

"No, I wouldn't say that," the guide replied. He paused for a moment. "Rather it was the reverse."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I see no reason why I should conceal the fact, for Brandle made no stipulation when he turned the portrait

over to us for the exhibition . . ." he broke off, and then in a low voice. "You see, Brandle is blind."

"What! Blind!"

"But how in the world . . ." a woman exclaimed.

"Yes, he's blind, permanently, the doctors say. It was the result of some physical shock he suffered."

"But, good heavens, Brandle blind. It's unbelievable."

"I know," agreed the guide, "and you can understand perhaps why he despaired."

"And Maria—she left him because of it?" asked Susan.

"It would seem that way."

"Goodness, John," Susan's voice lowered, "how . . . how could she? Where was her love . . ."

Another woman interrupted.

"I suppose," she reflected, "that drove him to such bitterness. Blindness and *that*."

"But is there any chance of his painting again?" asked John. "Oh, no, of course there wouldn't be, but I mean will he ever reconcile himself to the affliction?"

"I really don't know," replied the guide. "He *has* exhibited the portrait after three long years, but the transaction was done through agents. He evidently still refuses to see people."

The exclamations had subsided by this time, and the room was comparatively quiet. I tried to recover my composure, and order the million thoughts skipping around in my mind. It was too late now, the thing was done, but had I been right in exhibiting it? Was it a mistake after all? Three long years of bitterness—oh, how black they had been—had not lessened the pain in the slightest, nor created any comfort nor renewal of hope. What avail was there in hoarding

the portrait; it wouldn't restore my sight, nor Maria. But in this way, others could enjoy its beauty, and even without sight I could summon it instantly to my mind, knowing its every stroke, its every fiber of color.

Voices were again rising, but I idled away from the crowd. As inconspicuously as possible, I walked slowly through the doorway. No one, after all, notices a man's slight limping.

REUNION

Laura E. Thibert, '47

We met for tea, as old friends will.
You were so nonchalantly gay
That as you laughed I found you still
A child, in just the flippant way.

You tilted your insouciant chin.
Then when you poured I chanced to see
The blue-veined paleness of your hand grown thin,
Taut on the cup you offered me.

LINKED SWEETNESS

Nancy A. Sawyer, '46

THE current run on the music of Frederick Chopin reached a climax in the all-Chopin February recital of pianist Artur Rubinstein. At danger of being lynched for such heretical statements, we venture to state that we are just a trifle weary of this excessive Chopinizing and would have preferred to hear Mr. Rubinstein in a more varied program. Nonetheless, his interpretations of his compatriot are always individualistic and frequently of surpassing beauty. The principal work executed was the Chopin *B minor Sonata*. Although Mr. Rubinstein's playing was dynamic, he had an unfortunate tendency to mar the finale with a terrific speed which merely jumbled the melody. The same over-excitement was evident in the charming *A flat Waltz*. In the Sonata's famous *Marchi Funebre*, however, Rubinstein showed himself a masterful artist working into a climax of sonorous drama and restraint. Among the lowliest of the *Nocturnes* is that in D flat which was played with a ravishingly soft and sensuous tone and exquisite nuance. The audience packed the hall and overflowed into several hundred seats on the stage. The program closed with a stirring performance of the inevitable *Polonaise in A flat* without which exceedingly worn-out number the audience would have required the riot-squad.

An event of immense interest was the Lieder Recital of soprano Lotte Lehmann, at Jordan Hall on February 24. Her program was divided into four sections: songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Wolf. With womanly sim-

plicity and charm Mme. Lehmann performed these choice strains of German Romanticism with intimacy, with ineffable understanding of music and text. Her voice is mature, but clear, warm, and vibrant. The Schubert group was characterized by the unending flow of melody, by sincerity, and simplicity, especially in the lovely *Schwanensong*. A delightful number was the impetuous *Men Are Rascals*. Schumann was represented by the song-cycle *Frauenliebe und Leben*. This cycle consists of eight songs which trace the love of a young woman through courtship, marriage, motherhood, and bereavement. It is a great tribute to the artistry of Lotte Lehmann to be able to report that even with the scantiest knowledge of German and the brief indications of the text provided for in the program, one could follow perfectly the emotional nuances of the songs. Especially memorable was the tender lyricism of *Du Ring an Meinen Finger*; and the first low, throbbing notes of the concluding song—what an emotional shout after the preceding triumphant song of motherhood.

The songs of Brahms are always so satisfying. They were sung with increased vocal beauty. Hugo Wolf is only a shade less known as a composer of German songs. His work, a trifle more sophisticated, is still in the impassioned Romantic vein. As one of her encores Mme. Lehmann did perhaps the most beautiful of all German songs, Schubert's thrilling *To Music*; the audience was enraptured. Never have I seen an artist carry her audience more completely. The responsiveness mounted to far more than a recognition of *bravura* power; it was an emotional experience which the audience obviously underwent. The tremendous ovation accorded this artist was personal, spontaneous, something for musical annals.

The fourth concert in the Sunday series of Symphony programs was a study in contrasts. On March 3, Dr. Koussevitzky offered the six symphonies of Beethoven and of Tchaikovsky. Those who expect the heroic Beethoven of the Third or the vehemence of the Fifth will be surprised at this utterly different Beethoven of gentle country scenes. Many listeners will prefer to interpret the effects of the *Pastoral* quite realistically, hearing murmuring brooks and rustling trees. Nevertheless Beethoven inscribed on the first page that the symphony was "more an expression of feeling than painting". But the pastoral spirit of unclouded contentment and tranquil joy pervades its sunny pages. The themes are simple and occur over and over in a sweet monotony. The orchestration is largely for strings and woodwinds. The terripani is used effectively to picture an approaching thunder storm, which is only a passing storm and the symphony closes with a joyous song of thanksgiving.

Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of the *Pathetique* of Tchaikovsky is almost too intense to be borne. This highly subjective work is the antithesis of the bright rustic symphony of Beethoven. Each movement has a greater or lesser morbid touch, even the graceful second deepens in places into a doleful minor. The psychological program is interesting. After the tremendous energy of the martial-like third movement (played so stirringly as to call forth a burst of applause) the finale is an unexpected mood of dark despair with attending passages of sweet sadness. The orchestra sank to the deepest notes of the cellos as the symphony ends not in joy but in resignation. Several full minutes of silence ensued. It takes even the sophisticated a time to emerge from the depths into which Koussevitzky's rendition of *Le Pathetique* plunges the soul.

The Gardner Museum, a three minute's walk from Emmanuel, provides a unique, salon-like atmosphere four times weekly. These informal half-hours of music in the heavily tapestried music room with its dim candelabras are varied musical experiences, and prove the testing-ground of many outstanding local musicians. The program March 7 was shared by Wesley Copplestone, tenor, and Louise Vosgerchian, pianist. Miss Vosgerchian, still in her early twenties, already a soloist at the Esplanade and *Pops*, is a young woman of considerable ability. She has an excellent technique and plays with fire and character. She was heard to best advantage in the mournful *E minor Prelude* of Chopin and in the larger, more dramatic *Prelude in D Minor*. Two Etudes of the same master completed her group. Mr. Copplestone's voice seemed of an unequaled quality, its natural, pleasing tones straining occasionally into a rather metallic, harsh fortissimo. He sings with authority and understanding. Schubert's *Du bist die Ruh*, Richard Strauss's highly charged *Cecily*, and *Silent Noon*, a strangely affecting song of the contemporary English composer Vaughan Williams, were among his selections.

FIRST SPRING

Nancy A. Sawyer, '46

And dare you rise, Oh heart long laid
In Winter's silence-shrouded grave
To meet the first kiss unafraid,
Your love to vernal warmth fond enslave?

Ah, life is short, and Love must see
Through sun and shade its earth's course be;
The bud you cherish, now plucked from lea
Will bloom in the Spring of Eternity.

SILENT MOMENT

Frances Barrett, '47

Walk softly, whisper low
The hush lies deep,
No sound from here can flow.
Like Death, now creep
Down stairs that endless seem,
Like those trod in a dream.

The Night itself soft falls
As if it knew
No sound must enter walls
To silence true:
The knowing Moon coyly peeps
At the child who sweetly sleeps.

PROGRESS

Eileen M. Cassidy, '47

Childhood pours forth in a torrent of joys
Diked not by elders' frets and frowns;
It lives in a world of dreams and toys,
And concerns itself not with the baubles of crowns.

Proud Youth surges up with an aching desire,
To conquer with mind, with hand, with heart:
It tries by its tears to extinguish the fire
When Love sears the soul with a fiery dart.

The laugh of the child, the tears of the youth
Subside to a placid serenity.
Hoary Age sighs for he knows the truth
As he stands on the brink of eternity.

EDITORIALS

LEST WE FORGET!

Civilization has supposedly advanced to an Alpine peak of achievement. We complacently see ourselves in the mirror of our ego and turn away, self-satisfied, finding little to criticize or to improve. Only when some startling event occurs, do we discard the rosy lenses of ego, to see ourselves as we really are.

Our own city has afforded us this opportunity through the labor schools recently inaugurated, through necessity. The increasing unrest and dissatisfaction, erupting in violent and strikes, made this need evident.

How far can we say man has progressed if he now has to attend formal instruction to enlighten him on the subject of working peacefully with his neighbor. Has man so completely forgotten the Tenth Comandment, allowing the canker of greed to spread through his entire system, breeding malodorous mistrust and hate, that it is necessary to remind him of his obligations?

Labor and management have increasingly been engaged in a "survival of the fittest" battle, forgetting the brotherhood of all mankind in the Mystical Body. The nation, just awakened to a cessation of hostilities, finds its citizens quarreling as children. With such conditions prevailing, can we ever hope to become mature enough to aid constructively the truly stricken countries of Europe and Asia?

As trained Catholic College students, preparing to take positions either in management or labor, we must keep ourselves alert to and aloof from the God-eliminating attitude of this materialistic age. In this way we may simultaneously teach and exhibit the adult, Christian way of life.

M. J. D., '46

EDUCATION RE-EDUCATED:

One of the prevalent opinions of today is that war has played havoc with education. True, our recently-passed crisis has disrupted student-lives, emptied classrooms, and in general brought the soaring scale of higher learning to a veritable standstill.

But is this the whole story? Has war's relation to education been a wholly negative one? Recent investigation would seem to point to the contrary. If war was never the greatest boon to education, neither was education the country's dearest help-mate in time of war.

This fact was no more revealingly shown than in the large number of young men found deficient in meeting the requirements of Army tests. For such a laxity blame cannot be attributed to any one group or system. It is the aggregate of the faults of all that make the total wrong. One thing is certain: somewhere, somehow education falls short of its full exercise.

In addition to pointing out a deficiency in education the war, in its aftermath, indicated where the deficiency lay. As a consequence the recently-established arbitrary curricula of high schools have reverted to their former standards of mandatory classical subjects. Just at a time when the dignity of education was being threatened by crude attempts at pragmatism a good emerged from the evil, came to aid it. Though irreparable damage was wrought by the war, its valuable by-product beneficent contributions cannot be overlooked.

B. D., '46

PRINCES ALL:

In an historic consistory, the Sovereign Pontiff has named thirty-two new members to the Sacred College of Cardinals. This epoch-making event is an extraordinary proof (if proof be needed) of the innate vitality of the Catholic Church. Through the first secluded but ardent years of Christianity, through the horrors of the Roman persecution, through the pristine splendor of the Middle Ages, through the neopaganism of the Renaissance, into the modern heresies of Protestantism the Church has preserved the heritage of Christ for men. Now that the world is at a crisis in which the surging desire for peace is in conflict with misjudged values and moral confusion, the Church creates at a sweep thirty-two new emissaries of her message.

The multiple conferring of this highest dignity is proof also of the Church's universality. From Catholic Christendom these prelates came to Rome to receive the red hat. For the Church belongs to all nations, to all men. Banished forever should be that insinuating falsehood of a national Church. By glorifying God in the glory of His Church, by presenting a more unified, a more powerful front against the prince of this world, the Holy Father has given true leaders, true princes to all Catholics, and indeed to all mankind.

N. A. S., '46

TUA RES AGITUR:

In the present interregnum between war and peace, when trial, indecision, and disorder are rampant, a confused world looks to its women to uphold sanctity and stability in domestic, social, and political relations. The recent message of the

Holy Father to all Catholic women has outlined a decisive program in answer to the timely challenge.

First of all, woman must maintain and strengthen her special, God-given dignity. Although man and woman are both children of God and both destined for eternal happiness, nevertheless, the characteristics of the two sexes are complementary, rather than identical. Most women dedicate themselves to the holy state of matrimony, where the harmonious fusion of the two sexes brings increased good to the nation (an aggregate of families); others sacrifice the delights of marriage to consecrate themselves selflessly to the interests of God and man; while, still others remain unmarried in the world to propagate good works. Whatever her vocation, however, woman is fundamentally and characteristically the same. Her gentle spirit and delicate sensitiveness find their fulfillment in motherhood. "Every woman is made to be a mother: a mother in the physical meaning of the word or in the more spiritual and exalted but no less real sense." That is why in our modern world, where heresies aim toward dissolution and disruption of family life, woman must heed the call to public action.

Because popular theories have promised her equal rights with man, woman has abandoned her pedestal position in the home to invade the unfeeling, materialistic business world. Then too, with the absence of the mother, the home has lost its appeal. Instead of wielding a powerful influence on growing children, it has offered only a sordid emptiness to those who should be eager to be the homemakers of the future. Women of the world, this is your responsibility. "The fate of the family, the fate of human relations are at stake. They are in your hands (*tua res agitur*)."

Today, woman has the unique privilege of utilizing her

personal dignity for the welfare of the state. She must bring her sensitivity, discernment, and gentleness to temper the administrative, intellectual qualities of man; she must devote her maternal understanding to the revitalization of social problems; she must soften harshness with her natural love. This is a mission for women, especially for those unmarried women who can extend full-time service to such an apostolate of activity. The education of woman for public life should begin in the warmth of a Catholic home, be nourished in worthy schools, and bear fruit in intelligent and honest voting. Her delicate temperament will never submit to totalitarianism, class conflict, or war, for woman is a peace-lover and a peace-maker, who is ever vigilant to preserve the ordained sanctity of family life.

May the women of our time band together under the leadership of Christ the King, and the inspiration of His Holy Mother, to restore peace, harmony, and love to home, family, and society!

F. L. L., '46

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Cheese on Rye:

Current newspaper reports tell us that a trip to the moon may be included in future travel prospectuses. Then we shall see if that trailing satellite is really made of cheese. Were it so, the mystery of the Pied Piper's first extermination would be forever solved. Imagine the fortune that could be made by the first man there to establish a rye bread bakery!

* * *

Hasten the Day:

With life lending itself daily more and more to acceleration, we wonder if the appended epitaph will be a tombstone regular . . .

Born on Monday	—	Grew up Tuesday
Matriculated Wednesday	—	Graduated Thursday
Married on Friday	—	Died on Saturday
Buried on Sunday!		

Cafeteria Innovation:

The cafe is a little kingdom in its own right and I would be the last to criticize it. But I have a grievance. Everyone knows that coffee and doughnuts are the Alpha and Omega of cafeteria indulgence and much as I like them they just don't fulfill alimentary expectations. I gulp my coffee and choke down my doughnuts at a speed becoming a young lady, but always when the coffee-cup has been drained of its contents a lone half-doughnut remains. To eat the doughnut without coffee would be unthinkable; to buy a second cup, in the realm of the fantastic. What, then, to do? As far as I can see the only solution is—chasers!

* * *

Rooms to Let!

Too bad Emmanuel doesn't take advantage of the golden opportunities that surround her, one of which is the present housing-shortage. A little extra cash never hurt anyone's pocketbook and the Building Fund is still in its building stages. When space is the thing most in demand at present Emmanuel could become a veritable gold-mine by commercializing on what space she has.

For example, the luxurious rest rooms on the third floor could be turned into two of the darlings one-room apartments a real estate agent ever laid eyes on. Just imagine each furnished with a combination living room - dining room set, a couch or two, refrigerator, electric range, and built-in Gregorian Chant. The walls come complete with plaster and paint and the window sills provide ample space for itinerant relatives. What matter if it's a little crowded? There's a housing-shortage!

Challenge:

On all sides we are hedged in by the conceptions (soon to be objectified, no doubt) which rare geniuses are suggesting for speeding up speed in this our speedy age. We add our sage advice to the forest. Why not have two helicopters in every garage? The traffic problem? Just visualize a traffic officer suspended from nowhere in the middle of space directing the nine o'clock congestion of helicopters. Can you do it? Come, come, bright Americans, don't let this stunt phase you.

* * *

The Short Bob Battle:

Replacing the news fanfare about the Atomic Bomb, pushing the shattering news of the all-out strikes to page two of the papers is the news of the controversy over the length of milady's locks. The nation's style experts seem to feel that, come Spring, America's womanhood should shed that long bob for the shorter pattern which was so popular, so they say, during the 1920 flapper rage. This apparently minor question has risen to the heights of a major row in opinions. Every publication in the land cites the authoritative voices of many and sundry, even to those of the screen glamor boys and the ex-G.I.'s. If this battle for the short bob is won by the nation's stylists, what will be the dilemma of the young lady whose hair grows at an alarming rate of speed? One help may be provided by adding a new fandangle to those already in trunk-like bags—a dainty but serviceable pair of pink plaited shears.

CURRENT BOOKS

Adventures in Grace. By Raissa Maritain. New York: Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., 1945. 262 pages.

Unless there is an adjective in our English language that can describe adequately a book which is at once biography, philosophy, apologetics, and history (I have not found the word!), we must refer unsatisfactorily to *Adventures in Grace* as beautiful, unclassifiable non-fiction. Technically, *Adventures in Grace* is the autobiography of Raissa Maritain, but the profundity of Madame Maritain's thought, the height of her style, and the scope of her experiences make these memoirs doubly valuable.

Exiled in America, Raissa Maritain wrote her first volume of memoirs, *We Have Been Friends Together*, as an escapist when she did not expect ever to see her beloved France again. This was in 1940, and in her despondency and sorrow she felt that to write of her friends would be a means of keeping them near her since undoubtedly she would never meet them again in this world. However, in 1944, sustained by the certainty of Allied Victory and of the liberation of France, she began *Adventures in Grace*, no longer in an effort to escape from the despair that assailed her, but more positively, in an awareness of and gratitude for the extraordinary spiritual privileges that had been hers and Jacques in the France that preceded and followed the first world war. In both volumes she transcends her already high purposes: her friends become our friends, and we share in her spiritual treasures.

It is impossible to review *Adventures in Grace* without first recommending *We Have Been Friends Together*. The two books are as one, bound up together especially in the personalities of Ernest Psichari, Charles Peguy, Henri Bergson, and Leon Bloy. Madame Maritain does not place events in rigid chronological order, rather is there constant leaping ahead and turning back of time in her accounts of these men in both volumes. In fairness to her artistic ability—and she is artistic—the serious reader should read *We Have Been Friends Together* before passing any criticism of the autobiographical worth of *Adventures in Grace*, for without this essential background he will find it confusing and incoherent in parts.

Although *Adventures in Grace*, as an autobiography, is incomplete without *We Have Been Friends Together*, it has interesting integrity as a book on French history, Catholic apologetics, and Thomistic philosophy. In these fields it needs neither prologue nor epilogue.

Except for a brief period in 1918 when Jacques intervened and exposed the errors of the Action Française, a movement advocating monarchical restoration in France, the Maritains were completely disinterested about political and social problems. They concerned themselves only with metaphysics and theology. Therefore, *Adventures in Grace* is not a history of political France at the time of World War I, but is essentially the story of "the spiritual flowering" of French thought, written by the brilliant young woman who, together with her unusual husband, had so much to do with the nurturing and fostering of this sturdy growth.

As apologetics, *Adventures in Grace* is replete with amusing anecdotes and pertinent reflections. If the reader has missed following the Maritains on their spiritual and intellectual pilgrimage to Catholicism in *We Have Been Friends Together*, here in *Adventures in Grace* he will be given intimate insight into the deepest soul-struggles of many of Madame Maritain's convert-contemporaries. For example, entire chapters are devoted to the intellectual search for peace of Psichari, Bloy, and Peguy.

As a volume of intelligible philosophy, *Adventures in Grace* is unexcelled. The average mind which, in spite of its willingness, usually has difficulty in understanding tomes of pure philosophy, suddenly finds that the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas is very much alive, vital, and practical as it is described by Madame Maritain. In a style that is as lucid as her thinking, she also humanizes and simplifies the abstract doctrines of Jacques. We are, in a measure, Thomists ourselves after this reading.

Several times in *Adventures in Grace*, Madame Maritain mentions new friends of hers and Jacques, but, as if to present them then would be to perform anachronistic introductions, she dismisses us with the promise that she will speak of them at length in her next volume. Twice, we have visited her now and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Through her, we have become acquainted with Bergson, Bloy, Peguy, Psichari, Georges Ponault, Pierre and Christine van der Meer, Henri Massis, and others.

We have been honored to meet these famous French artists and philosophers at the Maritain's, we have been stimulated by their animated spiritual and intellectual conversations, and now, at the end of this second soiree, *Adventures in Grace*, we are reluctant to leave. But Madame Maritain is a gracious hostess; as she leads us toward the door, she whispers to us the names of other distinguished persons who will be her guests "next time", and invites us to return. We need no urging for we know that when we are introduced to these other famous friends of the Maritains, we shall be able to say truthfully enough: "We've heard so much about you . . ."

Raissa Maritain then is both a good writer and a good publicity agent: already she has us anticipating her third volume of memoirs.

Laure E. Thibert, '47

Lovely Is the Lee. By Robert Gibbings. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1945. 256 pages.

The Emerald Isle has always held a compelling enchantment for writers. Robert Gibbings in his book, *Lovely Is the Lee*, jots down his adventures while wandering through the west and south of Ireland. This altogether charming book whisks us far, far away from strikes, wars, and income taxes into a veritable *Tir na n-Og*, the land of the ever young. Here trout fishing is considered more important than acquiring riches, and the whims of the leprechauns, the good little people, are held in more reverence than the weighty speeches of prime ministers. Mr. Gibbings's purpose in writing this book would seem to be to extol the beauties of his native-land, and to present her people abounding in simplicity and good fellowship. The title comes from the author's explorations of the River Lee in County Cork, although much of the action occurs in County Galway and the Ocean Isles.

In his latest book Mr. Gibbings successfully endears us to Ireland, "whose heart like a woman's will give everything in response to love, but yields little to force." This is his third book glorifying a river; the others, equally delightful, were *Sweet Thames Run Softly*, and

Coming Down the Wye. No one can resist the magic spell woven over all who listen to tales which are spun at the drop of a hat by loquacious village folk or the author himself. These stories are variations of legends which are common to all nations, but which are presented as having happened to a close friend of Pat Flaherty's or Timmy Leary's great uncle.

Lovely Is the Lee is a chaste contribution to literary thought. It has a timeless quality which, because of the essential truths it contains, will still be read and enjoyed in years to come. It sparkles and effervesces with rollicking humor. Freed from the modern trend towards introspective, psychological, propaganda, or stream of consciousness writing, it is as fresh and vital as the shamrock, and comes as a welcome relief from the usual best sellers.

The knowledge and talent of the historian, the naturalist, the archaeologist, the poet, and the philosopher are united in the person of Mr. Gibbings. He states accurately "in the year 1013 the great stone church of Armagh was burned by the Danes", or "the great majority of birds eggs have their markings heaviest towards the blunt end" or "they saw the lake amethyst and emerald in spring to match the jewels of their brides" or "sure we're the richest people in the world" . . . "because, he said, we have the Faith."

This book, like the River Lee, is swift-flowing, bubbling, covering many parts of Ireland, bringing nourishment for those who desire it, and quenching the thirst for Knowledge. The admirable wood engravings by the author form a perfect complement to the text. This gay sprightly book will skip its way into your hearts. In fact, you may desire to make Ireland your first stop on that anxiously awaited post-war flight.

Mary E. Fleming, '47

God and the Atom. By R. A. Knox. New York: Sheed and Ward, Inc., 1945. 166 pages.

One day last August a new world was shocked into existence by the epochal tragedy of Hiroshima. It was the world of Atomic Energy. With it came cries of exultation, murmurs of recrimination, and the

potentious silence of bewilderment and dismay. As with any great event a maze of expositional and controversial periodicals ensued. The Atom-Bomb, its import and its effects were speculated upon with gusto and at times with insight, but no ultimatum was reached regarding the morality of its use. Were we right in dropping the bomb? Was it a justifiable road to victory or a capitulation to barbarism?

In his book *God and the Atom*, Monsignor Knox attempts to answer neither of these questions. His thesis deals solely with the question of the bomb in relation to religion. He sees the Atom as the "totem of irreligion tomorrow", the awful power that will oust religion and set itself up as the orbit of universal worship.

No movement, no discovery can revolutionize man's universe without exerting a corresponding repercussion on religion. To prove this, Monsignor Knox points out that Descartes's idea of "I think, therefore I am" was fatal to the general opinion of philosophy; Newton's discoveries ushered in the age of Machinery and with it the age of Deism; Darwin's *Origin of Species* eliminated the need of Providence; and Einstein's theory of Relativity dispelled even the basic certitudes of the mind. What, then, will the Atom, the accumulation of energizing force, the apex of all power do to religion?

It will do one of two things: it will lead man to deem God unnecessary since man now holds the index to supremacy, or it will enlighten man to the realization that the Bomb is a gift of God, a purgation to elicit hope when all seems hopeless. Monsignor Knox fears it will do the former but hopes it will do the latter. Around that hope his purpose is woven. He attempts to "dispel an atmosphere unfriendly to the appeal of religion" by entreating the world in general and diplomacy in particular to engender a spirit of supererogation into its action. In his sensitively written chapters on Adjustment he calls upon faith as the alternative to doubt, hope as the panacea of despair, and charity as the bulwark against decadence.

The entire book is an intelligent treatment of a serious subject. It leans neither to the side of presumption or cynicism but rather, with rare scholarship, takes an inventory of past experience and applies it to the present problem of the Atom. Though the initial pages of *God and the Atom* are weighty the rest of the book moves along with a lucid swiftness. Injections of wit, at the same time profound and simple,

give the otherwise serious book a unique appeal. It closes on a note of petition for a speed-up program of spirituality to meet and match the accelerated tempo of materialism.

Barbara A. Dewey, '46

This Bread. By Rosemary Buchanan. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1945.

"This is My Body . . . Do this in commemoration of Me." Was Christ speaking symbolically or literally? Mary Anderson's insistence on a literal interpretation of these words and her persistent faith in the Real Presence disturbed the Methodist complacency of fifteen year old Valerie Maddox and set her on the path that was later to lead to Rome. Because of family opposition and prejudice that path was a rough and rocky one. A temporary compromise was effected when Valerie became an Episcopalian. As organist at the Episcopal Church, she met and fell in love with the handsome young curate, Anthony Drew. His opposition to her Catholic tendencies proved a great trial and the supreme test of her newly-found faith.

Anthony's own struggle in his search for truth was powerful. The growing realization of his own inadequacy as an Anglican minister was a painful blow to his pride. It hurt to discover that there was a greater Faith than that which he professed, worse still to admit that his cherished ordination was invalid. Although he was not an excessively proud man, yet his pride almost proved an insurmountable barrier to peace and happiness. He had to exercise great humility to admit that he was wrong and that Valerie was right.

Valerie's spying cousin Jasper was a melodramatic villain. He typified disagreeable, jealous relations who pretend to be anxiously concerned over the welfare of their innocent victims, yet gloat over misfortune. He was a caricature of the fanatical preacher who seeks to found new religions to satisfy his own ego and fill his pockets. All that was mean and low appealed to him. He was even a draft-dodger.

Although *This Bread* will never rank as great literature, it does afford food for thought. Many cradle Catholics look with suspicion on converts. Few have any appreciation of the heroic sacrifice made by these people in their pursuit of Truth. They must change their whole way of life and are to a certain degree estranged from their families and all that they held dear in the past. Yet the sacrifice is made willingly, even eagerly for the prize is worth the price.

Catherine A. Gillis, '46

The King's General. By Daphne du Maurier. Garden City: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1946. 371 pages.

Daphne du Maurier once bought a home, new to her, but old in generations that had lived under its roof, Menabilly, lone and desolate on the Cornish coast. In reinhabiting this time-weathered house, she brought to life whispers of a past long dead, and, being an artist, she personified and immortalized these whispers. As Daphne du Maurier no doubt intended, she has vitalized the rugged splendor of the Cornwall coast, shown the futility of war, whether in the seventeenth or twentieth centuries, and brought together two people who loved deeply.

Young Honor Harris loved a man, a man who came to be hated by almost everyone with whom he came in contact. On his lonely tombstone in Ghent, he was identified as "Sir Richard Grenville, the King's General in the West." He was resentful, bitter, proud, amoral, disregarding the means for the end. And Honor Harris knew him and loved him for twenty years.

The King's General revivifies these twenty years, rekindling the flame of their love, that hoped-for marriage that was never to be, and the secret carried to the grave. Or rather, Daphne du Maurier does not relight that fire; she transports us to the days when it was kindled and burned bright, to those desperate days of the English Civil War of the Seventeenth Century, of the inevitable defeat of the Royalists of Cornwall, despite the magnificent and high handed efforts of the King's General in the West, efforts which banished him into lasting exile.

Daphne du Maurier chronicles this Royalist romance in a style oddly personal and quietly exciting. Without this haunting and unusual style, *The King's General* would have been just another historical novel. As it is, this difference is as marked as that between winter and summer. This style is the flint which kindles the latent flame of Daphne du Maurier's plot.

The theme of *The King's General* is universal. No matter how a man may be hated, there is almost always a woman who loves him, despite his faults. There will always be people fighting against and crushed by tyranny. *The King's General* could be read in twenty, fifty, or even a hundred years with the same interest that puts it on the best seller list in 1946.

Priscilla A. Plummer, '47

The Idea of a Catholic College. By John Julian Ryan. Introduction by Archbishop Cushing. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1945. 136 pages.

Into a world of rapidly changing concepts Professor Ryan has introduced a blueprint of what he believes the Catholic college as an American institution could and should be. *The Idea of a Catholic College* presents a challenge to both professional and non-professional readers, for it not only serves as a guide for anyone interested in founding a wholly Catholic college or for one already managing such a college, but also acts as a crystallizing agent for the critical reader by setting before him definite ideas which he may accept or reject.

Archbishop Cushing, in his introduction, has commented upon the controversial discussion which *The Idea of a Catholic College* may be expected to arouse. He states that although many readers will feel that the plan here proposed is not adaptable to the conditions of the day, it is nevertheless in every instance true to the Catholic concept of the essential ends of education. The prevailing note in Professor Ryan's theory is that charity must be the basic factor in the training of the Catholic student if he is to fulfill his destiny as a member of the Mystical Body of Christ.

It is evident that Professor Ryan is sincere in his desire to arouse interest in the possibility of founding an ideal Catholic college; although many points he suggests are too revolutionary to receive unanimous acceptance this very fact should encourage much critical discussion and thus ultimately he will have achieved his end.

The manner of presentation of this plan is commendable; the subject has been treated in a concise, logical way, and considers the aims of Catholic education, the student body, the curriculum, and the qualities necessary in the teaching body as well as attempting to enumerate the objections which Professor Ryan feels certain will be raised by those to whom the novelty of his blueprint will symbolize impracticality. In conclusion, he discusses the Socratic method of teaching, since he feels that this method is adaptable to universal use in a Catholic college.

Professor Ryan has courageously broached a subject which should be of interest to all thinking Catholics. *The Idea of a Catholic College* is a thought-provoking contribution to the realm of Christian education.

Isabel F. Kelleher, '47

This Night Called Day. By E. J. Edwards. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1946. 220 pages.

This Night Called Day is a psychological novel of hope. E. J. Edwards, a Catholic priest, has attempted to show that there is a definite design and pattern for the life of every individual and only when we use our free wills to choose subjection to the will of God can we find true happiness. Only then can we hope that God will make known our design to us, for "The key to life's cryptogram is faith."

The significance of the title is that life is like "an unlit street" and all we can do is grope around. "It is like walking in a dream world, but a knowledge of the purpose might defeat the intent of the design. The very sense of futility, of helplessness, may be what is needed for finding yourself."

Father Edwards has told a fine, stirring, and inspiring story, against the background of Tucson, Arizona and the Catalina foothills, of a young non-Catholic surgeon who had to be shown, by supernatural means, the pattern his life was to follow. Doctor Gayle Wade, "a self-sufficient fool" who knew "too much and—not enough," in the words of his friend Doctor Bashford, is independent and successful. The final goal of his achievements was reached when he married lovely Marilyn Cameron.

After three years of happy married life, Marilyn dies. Then Gayle realizes his insufficiency in himself and his dependence upon another. He lapses into a melancholy state of depression and despair. Three times he attempts to violate the design of his life and each time he is saved by the aroma of his wife's favorite perfume, mignonette. Through the help of his kind friend and neighbor, Padre Hutchinson, a lovable, invalid priest, and his wife's sister, Ruth, an unselfish and sincere person, ready to make any sacrifice to help him on the road to recovery, Gayle finds true happiness.

The style is modern, with some lovely, refreshing descriptions of the Catalina foothills, especially at sunset. The dramatic situations are not worked up to their full potentialities, especially the trite portrayal of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The dialogue lags, owing to the slow reactions and unnaturalness of the characters in some places. There is a tinge of the preternatural in the intervention of the aroma of the mignonette.

On the whole, *This Night Called Day* is the latest and best of Father Edward's works and is an improvement over *White Fire*, and *Thy People, My People*, but it has not the perfect balance and proportion of true artistry as it tends to be too sentimental in some parts, and too didactic in others. However, it is a timely novel about World War II, and the solution of the readjustment problem in the world today. It should leave the reader with many worth-while thoughts to meditate upon, and give him a better understanding of how to cope with *This Night Called Day*.

Patricia R. Carroll, '47

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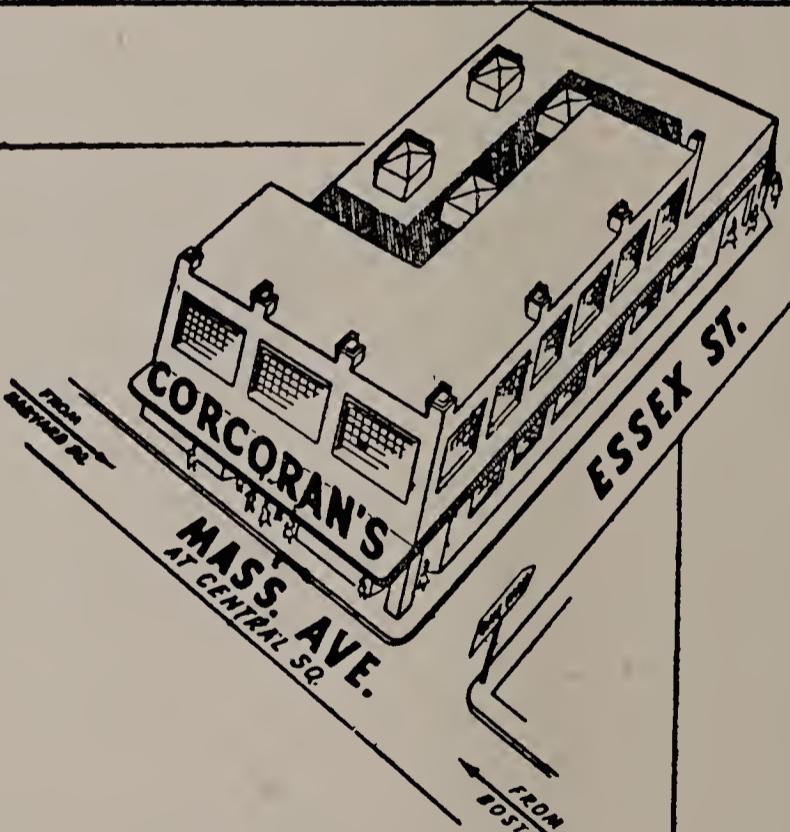
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A CALL TO THE SHADOWS

Barbara A. Dewey, '47

THE theme of Coventry Patmore's poetry is as unique and daring as the man. It is unique because it sublimates, in a world which seeks to traduce, the singular character of conjugal love. It is daring because it marks the surrender of a man's personal renown for the glorification of an ideal. Patmore knew only too well the cost of fashioning such poetry. He saw it ridiculed by a cynical world, rejected by pagan standards. Because of it, he learned the pain of too great courage and felt the loneliness that comes of cherishing ideals.

But a call to the shadows is still a call. And Patmore, proud though he was, answered it. In his "Proem" of *The Unknown Eros*, he says:

O, season strange for song!
And yet some timely power persuades my lips.

Of his poetry, its message and form, he is no less sincere:

Notes few and strong and fine,
Gilt with sweet day's decline,
And sad with promise of a different sun.

Because he was a poet, all things appeared to Patmore in the light of symbols; because he was lover and spouse all symbols found their basis in the nuptial union. The whole of Patmore's poetry rests on the thesis that everything seeks union—on the lowest stratum amongst the elements of nature, on a loftier plane between man and woman, and on the pinnacle of mysticism between the soul and God.

To articulate more clearly his message Patmore objectified it in the Season-Cycle. "St. Valentine's Day" is a delightful encomium on pure prenuptial love: vestal February is the symbol of virginity which in time gives itself over to the behests of May

When all things meet to marry.

In his description of praevernal time, which is as exquisite as it is true, he makes the advent of Spring indicate, in all its phases, the ardent longing of human love for union.

O, quick, praevernal Power
That signall'st punctual through the sleepy mould
The Snowdrop's time to flower—

then again:

At dusk of dawn, on his dark spray apart,
With it the blackbird breaks the young Day's heart,
In evening's hush
About it talks the heavenly-minded Thrush—

From the bliss of lovers Patmore proceeds to the ineffable mystery of nuptial love so gently and sublimely symbolized in "Wind and Wave." This is the Summer of love when all is consummated, when the delights of Spring are intensified into fruition, when

Triumphing tide comes at the last to reach
And burst in wind-kiss'd splendours on the deaf'ning beach,

In the same way human love yields its first-felt ecstacies to the more gracious duty of begetting children.

Where forms of children in first innocence
Laugh and fling pebbles on the rainbow'd crest
Of its untired unrest.

The peculiar message of "Wind and Wave" is one of guidance. Patmore indexes the privileges and duties, discontent-

ments and delights of married love and in so doing, teaches his dearest and greatest lesson—how to love well. His voice is lifted in militant warning against unleashed, unbraced passion, for only love that parallels the law of God can receive the “unguess’d” happiness of His gifts.

If the Season-Cycle is to be complete Autumn must have its place. True to his symbol, then, Patmore assigns to “L’Allegro” the sweet quietude of mild autumnal days to parable the spiritual serenity of love’s later years found in “the soft arms of happy Certitude.” Just as Autumn is the prelude to Winter, so, too, are the themes of “L’Allegro” and “Winter” supplementary. The one completes and intensifies the other. The fair “repose” of “L’Allegro” becomes the “plenitude of peace” in “Winter.” Through the melody of mellifluously cadenced verse, of a tranquility that arises only from order, Patmore describes the winter of love. To him the barren is the beautiful; to him, therefore, the white austerity of winter is pure restraint. And so it is. The honeysuckle, the violet, the chrysalis stir in restless urge, awaiting their time to flower and wing.

Nor is in the field or garden anything
But, duly look’d into, contains serene
The substance of things hoped for, in the Spring,
And evidence of Summer not yet seen.

In this symbol an exclusive period of nuptial love is circumscribed. It is winter, the time when love, having discarded all display of beauty and delight seemingly passes into the lonely and painful atmosphere of indifference. But winter is not indifferent. It is merely silent—silent in the possession of hidden beauty; silent in the wonder of anticipation; silent as a custodian is silent when his treasure is very costly.

In the order of human love, then, "Winter" signifies, not the cooling of love, but the intensification of it. It is easy to speak and give assurances of love when one is thrilled by its promise; it is only when the soul has been touched to its deepest reaches that one is silent. Possession, moreover, tends toward peace, for gone are the doubts, anxieties, and fears of untried love. But fullest security is not attained until both husband and wife believe that love goes quietly on even under the surface of barrenness: this is the "plenitude of peace."

It is not death, but plenitude of peace;
And the dim cloud that does the world enfold
Hath less the characters of dark and cold
Than warmth and light asleep,
And correspondent breathing seems to keep
With the infant harvest, breathing soft below
Its eider coverlet of snow.

If the Nature Odes of Patmore are beautiful, his Odes of Personal Experience are strikingly more beautiful. This may be for two reasons: first, because they deal more with man than nature; and secondly, because Patmore endows them with a poignancy that is as touching as it is sincere. The experiences of Coventry Patmore were not those of the ordinary man. Consequently, when he lyricizes his joys and sorrows pure poetry is made.

Having parabled the workings of love by the Season-Cycle, Patmore then turns to the exposition of human love. He views it as an actuality and as a prelude to what it may become. The exquisite little lyric, "Beata", presents the delights of human love. It paints a striking picture of Heaven's white light piercing the earth and becoming visible only when reflected from a "diamond stalactite." It thus sym-

bolizes the revealing truth that the light of God's attributes, "Reason, Power, and Love" becomes evident to man's finite mind when reflected in the woman he loves. The poem ends on a note of the deepest delight in the new-found appreciation of absolute perfection.

Joy is a suitable subject for poetry, but sorrow is by far a better one. Joy stimulates; sorrow moves. Joy lifts one to the heights; sorrow sounds the very depths of the soul. Little wonder, then, that Patmore's greatest works came at a time when joy had fled.

In one of his best known Odes, "The Azalea", Patmore reached the deepest emotional intensity he ever achieved. The poem shows the anguish of longing in the lover's heart for the loved one who has died. The particular experience which inspired the poem is as poignant as the poem itself. While he was asleep one night, Patmore dreamed that his wife was dead. He woke, and was unspeakably grateful to find it was a dream. But the realization was soon borne in upon him that she *was* dead. The azalea plant which she had cherished was on the window sill of his room. During the night, it had burst into bloom, and its fragrance recalled to him her charm. That, coupled with the fact that he had fallen asleep with one of the letters which she had written to him clasped to his heart, caused extreme anguish to a man of such fine sensitivity. This letter contained lines of fragile beauty:

So, till tomorrow eve, my Own, adieu!
Parting's well-paid with soon again to meet,
Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you!

The pathos of "Departure" almost equals that of "The Azalea." This poem was commemorative of the death of

Patmore's first wife. In his solitary watch by her death bed he is shocked and grieved by her swift passing with frightened look and mumbled words. This was unlike her great and gracious ways:

Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.
But all at once to leave me at the last,
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,
With huddled, unintelligible phrase,
And frighten'd eye,
And go your journey of all days
With not one kiss or a good-bye,
And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd;
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

The inclusion of the Political Odes in *The Unknown Eros* sequence seems strange and unaccountable until we realize that, even in the strenuous aspects of life-activity, Patmore sensed the nuptial symbol. He refers to public zeal as "God's remoter service," and in this theme finds his inspiration for the two Odes, "1867" and "1880-1885." The message of these two Odes states Patmore's theory that union and peace in government are achieved when the educated Aristocrat (thought) rules the more thoughtless (emotional) element. Patmore was an unqualified Tory. "Peace" emphasizes this theme by exhorting the rulers of a nation to safeguard its individual citizens in the manner in which a man is bound to cherish and protect his spouse.

The absurdities and fallacies of his day did not escape the keen stab of his infrequently satiric pen. The Philosophical Odes, "Magna Est Veritas," "The Two Deserts," and "Crest and Gulf" castigate the unfounded assumptions and sweeping claims of science, and the stealthy inroads of democracy. Still, he interprets all evils in the light that God's will

must prevail, and in the knowledge that truth will survive.

The arduous road to mysticism is traveled in the darkness of pain and suffering. This is the period of purgation which the soul must undergo and endure to prepare herself for union with God. The strength and fortitude of the soul which survives this purgation is the theme of Patmore's Odes of Spiritual Preparation. From these, we are led directly into Book II of *The Unknown Eros*.

One of Patmore's most thrilling and glorious odes, "To the Unknown Eros," marks the point of transition. It reveals the transcendence of human love to Divine union, and describes with rare delicacy and flawless grace the first faint whisperings of Divine Love to the bewildered soul:

What rumor'd heavens are these
Which not a poet sings,
O, Unknown Eros? What this breeze
Of sudden wings
Speeding at far returns of time from interstellar space
To fan my very face,
And gone as fleet,
Through delicatest ether feathering soft their solitary beat,
With ne'er a light plume dropp'd, nor any trace
To speak of whence they came, or whither they depart?

Even this early the soul understands that the consummating of this mysterious love can be reached only through sacrifice;

Refuse it, Mortal, that it may be yours.

Swiftly and gracefully the vague stirrings of the soul are actualized into the overwhelming knowledge of the relationship between God and man. "Sponsa Dei," then describes the awful immensity of God's love for the human soul, and His power to satisfy all desire beyond the utmost limit

For marriage which exceeds
The inventive guess of Love to satisfy.

Ostensibly, this relationship is not of a physical nature. Since the soul is spiritual, the relationship must be spiritual, and the union, a union of wills.

What if this Lady be thy soul, and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be
Not thou; but God;

With sure strokes, the poem ends on a note of exhortation, beseeching the soul to fling herself into the arms of her Lover now, for He will respond with majestic generosity to her smallest, most silent desire.

The highest reaches of Patmore's thought are found in the sublimely beautiful Psyche Odes. They are the synthesis of his message; the sublimation of his theme.

In these odes, the soul having been purified by pain and enlightened by grace, becomes the spouse of God. "Eros and Psyche," here unfold the marriage of the soul with the Divine Lover—the consequent mystical union at the moment of submission. In "De Natura Deorum" the soul is given full knowledge of the bond which unites her to God. She here learns the nature of her Lover. The last ode, "Psyche's Discontent", reveals the soul's desire to labor and suffer that she might prove her love. But realization soon comes that a will in perfect conformity with the will of God is the quintessence of perfect love. With ordered calmness, and restrained truth, Patmore ends the Ode Sequence as he began it. His place among poets is unique, for his song is the song none other dared to sing.

If the world knew enough of beauty and simplicity, it would acknowledge the inestimable contribution to literature made by Patmore. If the world knew enough of reverence, it would avow the truth of his words. Until the time

comes when all that should be known is known, this man with his message will linger in the shadows. Even so, the light of truth which Patmore holds will illuminate their darkened edges, and the shadows, themselves, will be made brighter for his presence.

ARTISTS

Mary E. Carten, '46

Hear, hear the racing waves
Beat, break upon the sands,
They wake the sleeping hill,
They thunder round the caves—
In praise of God, whose Hands
Have given them this skill.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Frances Barrett, '47

THE party was a success. Janet, flushed and happy, threaded her way through the laughing crowd to the center of attraction. Her heart was singing and her eyes danced to its joyous refrain. This was what she had dreamed of for twenty-seven months. Gerry was back and the old gang was together again. Only two of the old familiar ones would never return, but tonight they were forgotten, their memory obliterated by Gerry. She saw him now sitting on the piano, answering the excited questions of his friends. He wasn't good looking, she knew, but the blue eyes and the smile made up for good looks. That smile had broken a thousand hearts. It finally won hers. It was almost seven years now since she first spied those blue eyes avidly reading her English examination and his writing down everything he could remember. From that moment her heart belonged to Gerry along with everything else she had to give him. In high school, with the rest of those gathered here tonight she had watched him become a leader. He was smart. But his wit and ready grin made him the idol of all. In Junior year he ran for class president and she managed his campaign. She had prepared his speech for him, writing and rewriting for two weeks. Gerry had learned it perfectly; then at the crucial moment forgot it. With the studied calm of an experienced statesman he had stuck his fingers in his lapels, and rocking on his heels had assured the student body of his good intentions. He had promised them new trash containers painted a colorful purple and orange. The teachers

cringed but the crowd cheered. From that time on she and he became a team. Day and O'Shea, songs, dances, and witty sayings, Gerry used to say. But Day was the act and she the straight-man. She became so accustomed to him that it was easy to fall into any new joke he might start. Now, after twenty-seven months of war and death he was back, unchanged in his manner. She pushed past the friends clustered around him and hoisted herself up on the piano. Gerry put his hand over hers and continued his discourse on the beauties of Mexico.

"It's a marvelous place. The mud is so friendly. Once it gets attached to you it won't leave."

"Did you get to Juarez, Gerry?" George Faulkner called from the back of the room.

Gerry cocked his head to one side and regarded him quizzically.

"No, no, George, but I was in a little town across the river. The place where they make the screw drivers, I think." They threw question after question at him afraid that if the questions stopped so would he.

Janet noticed Emily Wisson standing near to Gerry. She was the one new person in the gathering; a sweet, retiring girl whom everyone liked. She pulled Gerry's sleeve. When he looked at her in complete amazement she drew back a little. Janet laughed at the old trick. Gerry always pulled it on someone new. He would look at the person as if he had just dropped from another world to annoy him. The attention of everyone in the room was riveted on little Emily. She faltered under Gerry's amused gaze; but when he gave her the slow smile accompanied by a deep look in the dancing eyes she began to speak.

"Did you see the Eternal Flame in Paris, Gerry?"

"Why yes," he began, settling himself, "I saw quite a bit of her."

"Oh, I didn't mean—"

"She's a nice girl but always lit up."

He went on and his friends joined in the joke. Janet watching Emily couldn't laugh. The tiny crinkles at the corner of her eyes ironed out and she felt like yelling at them to stop. Emily didn't understand them and this ribbing was hurting her. Janet knew Emily was unable to defend herself against Gerry's quick mind. He was leading her on, confusing her. She saw that Emily was afraid. She couldn't believe her eyes. It was only a joke; but Emily had the appearance of a trapped animal. She threw her eyes around the room searching for an escape, avoiding Gerry's gaze. Janet held her breath for a minute and then made an unprecedented move in regard to Gerry, she interrupted him.

"I want to dance," she stated flatly.

"Why Jan-girl," (only he ever called her that), "you got the urge to make our friends exert themselves."

"I want to dance, Gerry." She looked into his eyes and her hasty resolution to help Emily failed. She would rather sit and listen to him; but he jumped from the piano and prevented her from changing her mind.

"All right, Princess. We shall proceed to make fools of ourselves. Come."

Someone put on a record. They danced easily together. Gerry held her lightly and they moved in perfect rhythm. The next two hours passed swiftly. Janet did not notice what was happening. She soon realized that Gerry was mimicking the other couples. She followed him unknowingly as he changed from one style to another unmindful of the laughter around them.

Around one o'clock, their first guests began to depart until only a few remained. Janet found herself alone in the hall with Sally Marion. Sally never added much to a party but she was respected for the silence that everyone realized hid a keen mind. She didn't miss anything and knew more about her friends than they knew about themselves.

"Have a nice time, Sally?" Janet was too tired to care but she had to say something.

"Who didn't with wonderman back? Janet, where was Gerry during the war?"

"Europe. After all that," she motioned toward the living room, "don't tell me you didn't know. I thought we'd covered every beachhead of the war."

"Gerry has talked of every place, everything; but not once did he mention himself."

"No, he didn't, did he?"

"Poor Emily was a little taken back but she'll get over it."

"There's nothing to get over. It was only a joke."

"Some people don't enjoy being made foolish, not even for a joke." Sally turned her back to Janet and looked at her through the hall mirror.

"Sally, you know Gerry better than that. He didn't mean to embarrass Emily. He's like that."

"I know Gerry very well. I've spent many evenings like this trying to figure him out. He hasn't changed much, has he?"

"No," Janet agreed with a stifled yawn, "not at all. The same old Gerry, always good for a laugh."

"If someone provides it. Janet, open your eyes. It's getting late and you've got to see before—"

"It is late. Do I look asleep. I'm sorry."

"It's later than you think, Janet. I've had a lovely time. Here's Peter, now. 'Night, Janet."

"Goodnight," called Janet, "I'm glad you came."

Janet closed the door and leaned against it. What's the matter with me, she thought. I should be happy. I am happy, she told herself but something deep inside was struggling to be recognized.

Back in the living room, Janet found Gerry sprawled on the couch studying the rug. She picked up a few magazines and put them in the rack before Gerry spoke.

"Jan-girl," he said softly, "come on and sit down."

She sank on the couch next to him and he picked up her hand and memorized it.

"Jan-girl, it's been a long time for you to wait but now . . ."

"Gerry, don't."

"Don't what? At this momentous moment, sitting midst the ruins of the feast you do not deign to listen to my plea." He struck the familiar pose of the outraged male.

"Don't joke, Gerry, please."

He stood up and drew Janet with him. I love him, she thought, I love him so much that it hurts. Why can't I let him know?

"Jan-girl, you know what I want. No, don't say anything now. I'll see you tomorrow, tomorrow morning."

"Yes, Gerry tomorrow."

He kissed her lightly, tenderly, and they walked to the door. He stepped aside and gave her their old salute. The right arm stretched behind the back of his head and his fingers wagging signals to her. Tonight the signal told her she was his girl and teammate. She returned the salute. Then the cool dark night swallowed him.

Janet lay awake most of the night thinking of Gerry. She could not recall a single moment of sadness when she had been with him. They were the perfect team, they were made for each other. Suddenly Janet saw, were we made for each other, or did I make myself for Gerry?

She finally fell into a restless, dreamless sleep only to awake with the same gnawing pain in her heart. She dressed but did not go downstairs. For two hours she sat on her bed rereading every letter Gerry had written during his absence. They were filled with stories; stories of fun, and laughter that a few months ago had served her with secret joy. She smiled to herself at what she was reading between the lines. The letters were worthy of publication, but she had guarded them jealously feeling that they were for her alone. Now as she read them over, she realized that nothing in them belonged to her. They were letters of laughter, not of love. Letters that contained tales that Gerry could regale to a roomful of friends. Last night in that room of people she was as close to him as she could ever be and his letters were her proof of this. Her strange conversation with Sally came back to her. Gerry had not mentioned the war as something personal to him, but seemed to regard it as another incident to be mimicked and satirized. He had ridiculed the monster that had stolen two of his friends.

She retied the blue satin ribbon and carried the letters downstairs with her. Gerry would be here soon and she must be ready. The question had been asked and answered years ago. All that remained now was to put that answer into words. I love him, she thought, but Emily's frightened face raced across her mind. Then in a panorama of time other faces replaced Emily's. She saw what she had overlooked for years. In every group that surrounded Gerry

there was one that did not laugh. Yet the person always came back. What is it, she cried inwardly, what's the matter with me. She laid her packet of letters on the mantel and lit the newly-laid fire.

She saw him as soon as the car stopped. He ran up the path, teasing the dog, waving to the girl across the street. She could not count how many times before she had watched the same scene, but something was different today. She opened the door and followed him into the living room. He fell on the couch and beckoned to her, but she shook her head and crossed to the fireplace.

"Well, Jan-girl, it's tomorrow."

"Yes, Gerry, it's tomorrow, and yesterday, and today."

"Come now, Princess, don't be intellectual. It's going to rain."

She felt strange. He seemed to be making fun of her but that was impossible. Gerry wouldn't do that to her, not at a time like this. Then she knew that he would make fun of her at any time it might suit his fancy.

"Gerry, I don't know how to say it but—"

"Jan-girl, the word is 'yes'. If you can't say it, spell it."

"Gerry, the word is no," Janet gasped. She didn't know she was going to say that. She didn't mean it. She couldn't mean it. Yet somehow the gnawing fear had abated.

"Jan-girl, you don't mean that. You can't. Why for years I've thought that some day—"

"So did I, Gerry."

"Then why won't you marry me? Is there someone else?"

"No, there's no one else," Janet felt the edge of the letters touch into her back, urging her on, "I never wanted anyone else except you, Gerry. I loved you. I still love you but I don't like you."

"Jan-girl, you aren't serious. All these years I've thought only of you. I waited for you. There was never anyone else."

"Except yourself, Gerry. I couldn't compete with you. You don't need me. The difference is that you like me but you don't love me. If I hadn't loved you as much as I did it might have been different."

"That's not true. We've always had fun together—"

"You can't build a life on laughter, Gerry, and I don't feel as if I want to play straight-man for you all my life. Gerry, you were my life. I would have sacrificed anything for you, I guess that's the reason it has to end like this."

"Jan, Jan-girl—" he was completely lost now.

"Don't stop me. I don't want to say this but it's better for both of us. What is it they say? Life, love and the pursuit of happiness. We could pursue happiness, Gerry, but I'm afraid it would escape us."

He rose slowly and came to her. She did not move but the restrained tears stung her eyes. He looked down and smiled. Janet saw his blurred face and the smile. She felt cold and alone but somehow she was free. Gerry bent and kissed her on the cheek. He still didn't understand. She wished he would go so that she would never have to tell him the truth about himself and her.

"Don't think it hasn't been fun," he murmured softly.

"Good-bye, Gerry."

"Can't we part friends," he pleaded.

Janet remembered a line she had read somewhere and repeated it slowly, "A battle is never won if you lose a friend. I'm afraid I didn't win, Gerry."

"Good-bye, Janet."

He was gone. She watched him go down the path and

stop to throw a stick for the dog to chase. She turned from the window and retraced her steps to the fireplace. The letters stared at her from the mantelpiece. She reached for them but they slipped through her numb fingers and slid into the fire. The greedy flames licked them voraciously and then grinned wickedly at her. In the crackling fire she saw a laughing face distorted by the flames and suddenly it was gone with the ashes of her letters. She threw another log on the fire. It was cold, but outside the sun was struggling through the clouds.

It did not rain.

CANDLES

Maryllyn A. Sweeney, '47

A special grace goes with extinguishing
The gentle flame of candles in the dark.
We find sweet thrill in our distinguishing
Between a friendly and a futile spark.
One may revive a memory of ours—
We hesitate to quench its dying glow;
And one, a losing power in thoughtless hours
Forgets the twilight of the long ago.
I love the charm of candle flame tonight . . .
What magic, Love, when you put out the light.

EXUBERANCE

Laure E. Thibert, '47

It is too much! Too much to love life so!
Embracing earth and sky,
In ecstacy to cry
With every thrush's thrilling throb; to break
With every bursting branch; and oh, to ache,
Clasping so close all trembling things that grow:
Such renting rapture is too much to know!

Around this burgeoning world my soul it stretched.
What privilege is this?
To share the passioned kiss
Of pressing sun and pulsing, pregnant earth,
And then to gaze upon the glorious birth
Of Spring? My God! I fear to lose my breath
Loving life so. What living after death!

BELOVED WIFE

Eileen M. Cassidy, '47

THIS has gone far enough! It's got to stop! Do you hear me?" Frank Stone jumped up in a rage and hurled a handful of papers on the table.

"What's got to stop? What are you talking about, anyway?" asked Pamela complacently, not even bothering to look up.

"These bills! Bills, bills, bills! All I ever see are bills! What's the matter with you, you little dunderhead? Do you think I'm made of money? Do you think I can go out and pick it off the trees? Do you . . ."

"Don't get excited, darling. You've got plenty of money," replied Pamela unctuously. She leaned over, took the new *Cosmopolitan* out of the magazine rack and curled herself up in the big arm-chair, apparently ignoring Frank's upbraiding. To make matters worse she started to hum the latest ditty which simply infuriated him.

"Put down that magazine, you smug little vixen, and listen to me," roared Frank.

"Yes, dear," she cooed. "My gracious, you look fierce, you big bad man! Smile for Pam—just one little smile, darling?"

"For heaven's sake, act your age and be sensible for once. You're not sixteen any more, you know, even though you act it and try to look it."

"You wouldn't be jealous of me by any chance, would you dear?"

"Jealous of you! Ye gods! Why should I be jealous of you?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered insinuatingly. "But lots of men think you're my father. In fact they're quite dismayed when I tell them I'm not 'foot loose and fancy free.' One poor chap exclaimed, 'You mean to tell me that old codger is your husband!'" She smiled, or rather leered at Frank and then gave a short, shrill laugh. Frank turned purple with rage.

"You have lots of fun, don't you? How come you're home tonight? Did some bright little playboy stand you up?"

"Oh no, dear. I'm just a dutiful wife, that's all."

Frank Stone said nothing. He bit his lip and clutched the arms of his chair till his knuckles were white in an effort to control himself. It was hard for him to believe that a girl of such beauty as Pamela's could be so hateful and desppicable. He scrutinized her sculptured features and an indescribable loathing swelled in his heart.

"Well, we're going off the subject," he said with forced calmness. "As I was saying before, you have to cut down on your expenses. You're too extravagant, much too extravagant altogether." He was getting excited again. "At the rate you're going I'll be spending my old age in a poor-house."

"Your *old* age, dear?"

Frank ignored her acrid remark. He was over twenty years her senior and she would never let him forget it. Every so often she'd pop up with some nasty little dig about it. It was a sore spot with Frank and what's more, Pamela knew it.

"Bills from the furrier—mink coats, sable jackets, this,

that, and the other thing! Bills from every swanky restaurant and hotel in town! God knows I give you enough allowance to pay cash for some things. I hate to disillusion you," he said more quietly, "but I haven't got so much money as you think I have. Of course I realize I'm wasting my breath by talking seriously or taking you into my confidence in any way, but my last few investments fell through miserably. I've lost a lot of money, Pam," he said gravely.

"You did?" Pam was becoming more and more interested. "Are you . . . er . . . broke, Frank?" she asked, eyeing him furtively.

"Oh, no, not exactly. I have enough to get along on—that is, for a few years anyway."

"Oh, well," she said shrugging her shoulders nonchalantly, "what are you griping about? Heavens, a few years is a long time."

"But after that, Pam?"

"Um—you have quite a bit of insurance, haven't you darling?"

"Why ye-es, I have. Say, what are you driving at?"

"Oh nothing, darling," she said sweetly, then added, "but I was just thinking that if worse came to worst, you could cash in on part of your policy, couldn't you?"

Frank looked at Pam curiously. From the way she was drumming on the arm of her chair, and from the calculating, scheming look in her eyes, he knew she had no intention of depriving herself of any insurance money. But what was her idea? Suddenly the answer came crashing down on him with such force that it left him breathless. Would she—he hesitated even to think of it—would she murder for money? Oh, no, of course not, Pamela was his wife. They had little

quarrels but—oh no she couldn't. The thought so terrorized him that he felt compelled to speak to relieve the tension.

"Another thing," he blurted, then paused, groping for something to say, "another thing; we don't need a butler and half a dozen maids around here. One . . ."

"You're grossly exaggerating, Frank Stone, and don't you dare raise your voice to me again!"

Her retort encouraged him. "One maid could tend to everything," he continued. "Why the way you act around here one would think you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth! Why I can remember when . . ."

At that, Pamela got up and stalked out of the room. Frank was going to say, "I can remember when you didn't have a cent, when you were a salesgirl in the Five-and-Ten." And he was right. Their romance was the modern Pygmalion-Galatea. He, of course, fell in love with her loveliness and Pamela, if not in love, knew a good thing when she saw it. And so here she was now ensconced in the lap of luxury. For a moment Frank felt ashamed of himself. In all their ten years of married life he had never thrown the past in her face although there had been many an opportunity. But now his cup of bitterness was overflowing and to top it all off, he was beginning to suspect her of plotting against his life. Was he beginning to crack a little under the strain?

Poor Frank was almost sixty now, too old to be gallivanting around every night as Pamela would have liked him to do. No, he was too old, but Pamela wasn't, so she went anyway. And poor Frank was alone in a great, lonely house with no company except the crew of cold, reserved servants. A lonely, discouraged old man, he looked even older than his years. Pamela was still scintillating, exotic, even though

back to the living room to mill over their latest scene. Then, after reading the paper for a while, he went to bed.

Shortly before dawn, the front door bell rang. Evidently the servants didn't hear it or, if they did, they pretended not to. "It's probably Pam without her key again," muttered Frank as he groped his way downstairs. He opened the door and was confronted by two state policemen.

"Mr. Stone live here?"

"Yes."

"You Mr. Stone?"

"Why, yes, what's the matter?"

"Well, Mr. Stone, your wife had an accident out on the turnpike a couple of hours ago. We identified her by her license."

"Good Lord! Is she badly hurt? Where is she?"

"We're awfully sorry, Mr. Stone, but your wife is dead."

"Oh no!"

"The car skidded off the road and overturned. She was killed instantly. She probably never knew what happened to her. I guess that's small consolation for you, but that's all we have to offer. Will you come over to the morgue with us and identify the body, please?"

"Yes. Yes, of course, I'll be with you in a minute."

The suddenness of the tragedy stunned him. He felt sorry for Pam—to think that little, vivacious Pam would die before him. He did not feel sorry for himself though; he was free. All in all, he was quite unmoved. And why shouldn't he be?

Pamela had a beautiful funeral—just as she would have liked it—folderol and glitter. A long train of cars comprised the funeral procession and a mountain of flowers was heaped on her grave. Frank, however, was on the outskirts

of everything. Pam's relatives took care of all the funeral arrangements. Frank's friends thought he was too broken-up to bother with such things and they felt for him deeply. "Too bad, Frank, old boy, I know how you must feel. She certainly was a beautiful girl." And with that they'd give him an encouraging pat on the back and walk off embarrassed by his utter silence.

Barbara was home with him now, and the night of the funeral she climbed on his lap and kissed him resoundingly.

"Poor Daddy, poor, poor Daddy," she murmured and cuddled up to him. Frank kissed her gently and stroked her golden curls back from her forehead.

"Don't you feel too bad, Daddy. I'll stay home now and take care of you—now that Mommy is gone."

"That'll be fine, Barbara, I'm sure you'll take wonderful care of your poor old Daddy."

"Oh, you're not old, Daddy! You're just a happy middle!"

With that she kissed him again and trudged off to bed. Frank took up the evening paper and his glance fell on the notice in the obituary column:

"STONE—Suddenly, in Boston, Dec. 4, Pamela R., beloved wife of Frank Stone, funeral"

Luckily, no one was there to see the smirk on Frank's face just then.

CONVERSATION PIECE

Mary I. Grimes, '47

Sit down, my boy, and let me speak of it,
The door that closed on me long years ago.
Then, found I a land beyond the farthest bit
Of all that men had known. There cool winds blow
And soothe my weary eyes; and roses grow
And fill the air with haunting, mellow scents;
Robins tell me when to welcome Spring. So
Don't you see, my son, that all your sad laments
Should melt away with all the world's nonsense?

You've now a gift more precious than the tears
Of friends who thought that you had sorely missed
A sense that guarded you from night and fears;
You'll know no fear, but only joy and bliss.
You feel those gifts you ne'er dreamed could exist—
Baby's touch, Love's soft hand on your brow,
Rare strains of music changing as you list.
Yes you are blind; your eyes see nothing now—
Yet hold my hand and see. I'll show you how.

NEMESIS

Virginia M. Collins, '47

MATHEWS had known Joe Richards well; both had joined the Merchant Marine at the same time and had shipped together more than once during World War II. Their last trip was made during the most acute phase of the Nazi submarine menace. Mathews recalled that they had been out of Portland three days when their ship, the *Annie L*, had been torpedoed. Loaded with high explosives and ammunition it wasn't, it seemed, a minute before the ship was engulfed in a burst of flames.

For the rest of his life, Mathews was to remember what happened in those few minutes. All around him men were preparing to abandon ship; all hope of saving her gone. Life boats were going over the side and mechanically Mathews pulled ropes and struggled with hoses; all futile attempts to save themselves. He was to remember the picture of Joe Richards pinned helplessly under a fallen beam; his eyes pleading with Mathews to free him. It would mean plunging through the fire down the companionway ladder and Mathews struggled within himself trying to decide what to do, almost certain that he could not help Richards even if he could get down the ladder. Seconds passed and it seemed as if his confused brain could not allow him to move. Each second lessened his chance of saving Joe's life. At last, Mathews started down the ladder toward his friend. With each step the flames and smoke became worse and finally he knew he could not help, Richards disappeared amid the crashing debris.

Mathews pushed his way back on deck. He had failed to save Richards. He had waited too long.

The life boats were already a distance from the ship when Mathews went over the side. That was all he could remember; but it was something he would never forget.

During the long stay at the hospital, Mathews had almost convinced himself that those memories would not bother him any more. He lost himself in the cleanliness and the orderliness of the hospital's luxury. Its sounds lulled him. He gave himself completely to a half-real world that took form only occasionally when he must rouse himself to eat and drink.

The horror of memory was behind him. Then one day he received a letter from Joe's mother insisting that he go to see her. Her plea was so insistent that Mathews saw no way to refuse. On his dismissal from the hospital he made plans to see her.

The address on the letter was Land's End, Cape Cod. It was an unpleasant fall evening, wet with fog and rain, when Mathews reached the small Cape town.

"Land's End, last stop!" the bus driver called back to Mathews, who was the only passenger. Mathews made his way up to the front of the bus.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Joseph Richards lives?" Mathews asked.

"Mis' Richards?" the driver glanced up at Mathews with curiosity. "You must be that friend of young Joe's."

"Yes," Mathews answered shortly.

"Reckoned you were. You're a good deal older than Joe was, though," the driver observed, glancing over his shoulder again.

Mathews wanted to end the conversation there, but the

driver obviously wanted to make the most of a golden opportunity. His was a lonely route, and he liked to talk with the few passengers he had.

"Joe was a fine boy," the driver continued. "His Mother's left all alone now in that house on the point. Lonesome for her, I'd reckon."

"Guess it must be," Mathews conceded.

"Yes sir, Joe was a fine boy," the driver repeated. "Were you a shipmate of his?"

Before Mathews could answer, the bus jerked to its stop, Land's End Point. The driver, however, had by no means ended the conversation.

"Just heard that there's a storm headed up this way from Florida. It may strike near here," he stated. "Say," he continued, "better tell Mis' Richards about that. That house on the point is no place to be when there's a bad storm."

"I'll tell her. By the way, does Mrs. Mathews live here all the year round?"

"Yes. She could go down to the Inn in the village. She's got lots of friends there, but she seems to like to stay out here on the point. Maybe you'd better bring her back to the village when you come."

Mathews told him that he would, then stepped out of the bus.

"Just follow that dirt road," the driver called after him. "The Richards house is the only one down that way. You can't miss it."

Thanking him, Mathews started down the dark road. The rain was now falling steadily making puddles in the ruts. Ahead of him he could distinguish the faint outline of a house situated it would seem on a small rise. As he made

his way along he could see that the back of the house faced the road and that the front was not far from the water.

He could hear the surf pounding on the beach and he remembered the bus driver's warning of the storm. He climbed the steps and knocked on the door deciding to himself that he would cut the visit as short as possible. He tried to gather his thoughts and his courage for the interview which he had been dreading.

Through the small curtained window in the door, Mathews saw a light flash on. The door opened and the words that he had planned to say left him as he looked into Joe Richard's eyes.

Mrs. Richards smiled faintly at his silence. "You are Mr. Mathews, aren't you?" she asked. Then she explained, "I am Mrs. Richards, Joe's mother."

Mathews collected his wits when he heard her voice. "How do you do," he managed to say. He followed her into the kitchen, and in the brighter light he could see that Mrs. Richards's features were very much like her son's. He felt the sickening memory coming back, and he avoided her gaze. Her voice broke through his thoughts. He heard her say, "I am sorry that you had to come in such bad weather."

"I don't mind the weather," Mathews assured her. "I'm used to worse than this, but the bus driver wanted me to tell you that he thought you should be leaving the point. He says that there's a bad storm headed this way."

"Yes, someone always calls me when there's one due," she explained. Then she added, "I thought that perhaps I might go back with you when you're going up to the village. But let's not stand here. You must be soaking wet. There's a fire in the parlor and we can talk in there," Mrs. Richards said, leading him from the kitchen into a quaint old-fash-

ioned parlor. A large square window faced the front and in good weather must have given a fine view of the sea. The only light in the room came from the fireplace and from an oil lamp in the opposite corner of the room.

Mrs. Richards sat down in an armchair near the fire. Mathews eased himself into a chair opposite her. She sat very straight in her chair smoothing her skirt in attempts to hide her nervousness.

"I've wanted to meet you, Mr. Mathews. I had rather pictured you as a younger man."

"Most of my life has been on ships, twenty-five years of it, anyway. And then when the war came, I joined the Merchant Marine."

"Joe lived here near the sea all his life," Mrs. Richards seemed to be talking past Mathews. Then she brought herself back. "You know that probably." Her quiet eyes, Joe's eyes, were watching him. Abruptly she asked, "Were you with Joe when he was killed?"

Mathews looked into the fire to avoid her gaze, but even the small yellow flames leaped up to remind him of the boy's death. He could hear the sound of the pounding surf outside. Once again he had that sick feeling. He felt trapped. At last he managed to say that he had been with the boy.

"I am sorry to have asked you that," Mrs. Richards said, her voice betraying no emotion, but a strange curiosity. "I had to know," she stated.

Mathews told her then, briefly, what had happened to the ship. When he came to the part about Joe, he simply told her that he had lost sight of him in the rush to reach the deck. Mathews kept his eyes on the fire as he told her the story. When he had finished, there was a silence, interrupted

only by the snapping of burning wood and the muffled howling of the wind outside.

Still Mrs. Richards said nothing. She stared into the fire, clasping and unclasping her thin hands. The silence was too much for Mathews. He bolted out of his chair and went over to the window. Pushing aside the curtain, he looked out into the fog. It was impossible to distinguish anything, but he could hear too plainly the roaring waves and the wind. He thought uneasily that the water sounded close to the house. When he turned around he saw the woman staring at him. He tried to avoid her eyes, but he could feel himself growing weak.

"The water sounds pretty rough, Mrs. Richards," he reminded her. "Perhaps we'd better start back to town."

She was silent a moment longer, then she answered, "There's plenty of time, Mr. Mathews."

Mathews turned away. He knew how much could happen in a few minutes. Then he returned to his chair and Mrs. Richards addressed him again. "Mr. Mathews, I have had a dream. The same dream has come to me twice. I don't really believe in such things," she added, "but perhaps if I tell you, you will understand. No one else could understand it and you are the only one I can tell it to."

Mathews shifted uneasily. He wished she would hurry. He hated the roar of the wind and the lashing of the rain. The water sounded closer now.

"Twice," she started, "I've had a dream about Joe. Each time he seemed to be trapped or caught in some way. All I can see is his face," she stopped and then poured out, "I can see his face, but I can't help him. I have to plead with someone else to save him. Then Joe disappears. I can't see

him anymore. It's always too late!" she exclaimed, sinking back in her chair, her eyes on Mathews.

As she finished, he could feel the perspiration forming on his forehead. He summoned strength to lean forward in his chair and he whispered, "That's the way it was. I couldn't help it. It was impossible to get to him."

To keep from seeing her face, he rushed to the window. He buried his face in his hands. His heart thudded, his head ached. He furiously asked himself why he had come to this place.

Mrs. Richards went over to the window and stood behind him. "I thought that was what happened," she said in a low voice. "I knew you could have helped. Why didn't you save Joe?"

He could not turn around. If his head would stop aching, he told himself, he might be able to make her understand. But the pain became more intense and it increased with the sound of the water roaring closer.

"The water sounds much closer."

"It is close," the woman told him.

He wheeled around, startled by the deadly calm of her voice.

"We'd better leave."

"I think it is too late, Mr. Mathews," she said staring up at him.

The lamp light went out and the two stood facing each other.

"Yes," whispered the woman, smiling faintly, "it's too late now. The water will soon come to meet us."

Mathews approached her and looked searchingly into her face for the first time. "You're out of your mind!" he

shouted, grasping her arm. He started to pull her toward the door. "We've got to get out of here."

"It's too late, Mr. Mathews," she laughed. "There's not enough time! There wasn't time for Joe and now there's no time for you." She began to laugh hysterically.

The sounds of the rising water outside grew louder. Mathews took Mrs. Richards's arm and started to pull her toward the kitchen. The water began to seep through on the floor. The roaring sounds of the wind and sea filled the room. The fire went out, leaving the room in darkness.

Mathews heard the woman rush past him and he heard her climbing the stairs to the second floor. Her hysterical laugh filled him with terror. Running from the room he groped his way to the kitchen. At last he found the door and with a cry of relief he rushed out into the darkness.

Descending the steps, he started down the road. In another moment, the water rushed over the beach and down the road catching Mathews in its whirling strength. His helpless form was carried out into the deep wild sea. Strange, the Richards's house on the hill, though flooded, remained standing.

Early the next morning when the tides had receded, a rescue party, the bus driver included, made its way to the Richards's house. On their way up the flooded path that had been the road, the bus driver found a seaman's cap, all that remained of Mathews. They hurried into the house, and finally, found Mrs. Richards safe in one of the rooms on the second floor.

"It's too late, you know," Mrs. Richards said, looking past them out the window.

"Yes, it's too bad we couldn't have saved Joe's friend," the driver comforted her.

Two of the party led Mrs. Richards from the house while the driver and two others remained behind to ascertain the damage.

"Too bad about that fellow," the driver told the others. "You know," he reflected, "I thought when I was driving him down here that maybe I should have told him about Mrs. Richards not being just right. Then I thought I wouldn't. Thought maybe he wouldn't notice it. She acts so all right most of the time, that you'd hardly know what was the matter. Besides, he might 'a thought I wasn't minding my own business. Right?" he asked the others.

They agreed that he had done the best he could. Then, as they went downstairs he added, "I wonder if Mis' Richards ever really understands about young Joe being killed. I often wonder."

PYRRHIC VICTORY

Catherine M. Harkins, '47

I clawed for Wealth's pied bubble;
I palmed it.
I rasped at Fame's bare stubble;
I charmed it.
Craft armed it
With Power's tyrant sun;
Friend alarmed it
With service to be done—
But, I won.

THE PROBLEM OF MISS 497

Barbara L. Dandeneau, '48

LET me introduce Miss 497. This number is not the young lady's social security number, nor is it her method of identification at a penal institution. It is a far more distinctive classification than either of these; not so commonly achieved as the first, not so easily fallen into as the second. The number represents the times its owner has dropped a dime into the slot and pushed through a turnstile to become one of that singular crowd of humanity—a commuter.

Now there are many kinds of commuters but Miss 497 represents their cumulate condition. She commutes via automobile, train, elevated, and bus. Scoff, if you are among the uninitiated, at the complexities of this modern stunt, but read and be amazed, if you would know more about the wonders of the human constitution which can stand so much punishment.

Miss 497, a sophomore in college, is, first of all, conscientious. She arises at 6:15 every morning in order to be on time for her neighbor who belongs to the "share-a-ride" club and who supposedly calls at 7:15. Of course, the neighbor, who arises at 6:55, seldom arrives before 7:20 or even later on occasion, so Miss 497 stands at her gate waiting for the familiar wheeze of her friend's pre-war car, wishing she had taken time to eat that fifth doughnut her mother had urged on her.

When the long-desired car rattles to a stop, Miss 497 never berates her sleepy neighbor. On the contrary she

kindly insists, "Oh, that's all right! I can always take the 8:15 if we miss the 7:22." The neighbor, who has no imagination whatsoever, thinks the urgency of his passenger's voice is due to her sincerity and never dreams of the surging imprecations which she is striving to control.

On some mornings, Miss 497 does miss the 7:22 and on such days her neighbor's ears burn mysteriously and painfully; but on most occasions the 7:22 is achieved. Then Miss 497 sits down beside her fellow-commuter, Miss 9,974 who is an old-timer at this commuting business. Their conversation ranges from the weather to China, to women's hats, to the younger generation, to the oddities of train conductors, to the making of chocolate, to semester exams, to blank silence. And the very strangest part of all is that Miss 497 can handle all these topics daily in a blissful state of semi-consciousness.

While Miss 497 is being propelled leisurely via local to North Station, she shows the true test of her character. She picks up her books and darts to the door five minutes before the train chugs onto track 9. She glances at the empty seats as she goes forward to see if someone has left a morning paper behind. This is about the only method of saving money available to students, and Miss 497 was never one to overlook an opportunity to take care of the pennies. This scheme is forced upon her since she shares, with most of her kind, the ability to spend money with light-year rapidity.

Miss 497 is down the steps before the rest of the crowd on track 9 have been roused from their lethargy, to say nothing of being roused from their seats. She streaks into and across the station, to be halted momentarily by an old lady climbing slowly up the stairs to the Elevated. With agile speed, Miss 497 manages to reach the turnstile first

with her dime, however, and is off again so quickly through the tunnel that her new name, Miss 498, hardly has time to catch up with her.

With strategic use of elbows, heels, and books, Miss 498 manages to push her way through numberless hundreds of students and shoppers to the second line. Unfortunately, however, the first car slides by; the second does not quite reach her. Since she is unable to move sideways, but only forward and backward, she misses the first elevated. The second train comes three minutes later and stops directly in front of her; but by this time she has been backed into the seventh row, and is pushed to the front just as the door snaps shut. The third time never fails, so Miss 498 is on her way at last.

She is carrying a huge armful of books so an elderly gentleman politely offers her his seat. Before she has time to move forward, two young college boys made a dash for the place. Poor Miss 498, standing amidst a forest of books, shoulders, briefcases, hats with drooping feathers, elbows and tangled growths of heavy feet, reflects sadly on her ride towards Kenmore Station, on the anemic condition of modern chivalry.

At Kenmore, she has to brace up for another test before she can peacefully relax. It is possible to evade this last phase of the struggle were she to walk to college from the station. But that would be a cowardly line of action. The true commuter, like herself, boards a bus here—and that is a truly valorous undertaking. Contrary to common belief, boarding a bus is not an active but a passive action. One does not board a bus propelled by his own power. One boards a bus propelled by the power of the crowd. The only adequate method to be employed at nine o'clock on a school

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DOWN THE ANDROSCOGGIN

Priscilla A. Plummer, '47

Logs, bumping, jamming, sailing down
A capricious New Hampshire stream.
Whirling logs, wet, mossy, green, brown,
All shapes, sizes, short chunk, long beam
Heading down river to the mill
Free of purpose, aim, or will.

Magic change, paper from timber,
Maple, oak, pine, green, red, gold hue
Trees sturdy, majestic, limber—
Cut down these, Nature's gift to you.
Why must this wild destruction be?
To aid man to knowledge, his spirit free.

EDITORIALS

FOUND BUT IN THE DICTIONARY?

To see life steadily and see it whole is an Arnoldism more honored, today, in the breach than in the observance. Are we to agree smugly that Boston is the "city of culture", and be contented with this barren label in lieu of weighty evidence? Shades of the Brahmins forbid!

It is a truism that the tailor's son goes shabby, that the physician's son goes undoctored. Shall we breathing this cultured air go intellectually shabby? Every day we encounter vestiges of cultural tradition, and we flee the footprints to set our pace in the modern "rush" tempo. In our shortsightedness, we look upon cobble-stone streets (relics of primitive days) as a menace to high heels; Beacon Hill brownstone mansions may be parodied as homes where the "Cabots but speak to the Lowells, and the Lowells speak only to God", but they have housed the intellectual culture of Boston; the Metropolitan, badly in need of repair, antiquated, still holds the echoes of Bernhardt, and Rehan, and Caruso.

If we are to save any remnants of Bostonian culture we must energize to preserve the force of the Liberal Arts curriculum in our colleges and universities. We shall become broad-minded in the true sense when our minds are fertilized by the seeds of religion, literature, philosophy, social studies. Then in this vast field we shall be able to sow the seeds of specialized learning.

Culture is not a fadism; fads touch the surface of things, culture reaches their depths. The antonym of culture is barbarism. Let us look around, about, above us, and select either label to mark much of modern production.

M. J. D., '46

STERN DAUGHTER:

Best-sellers hold a preeminent place in the agenda of modern American controversy platforms. Wherever groups gather, there is certain to be open and lively discussion on the merits and demerits of the latest book to hit the public eye. It is reviewed in the light of interest, personal appeal, literary aspects, number of pages, size of print, character portrayal, and general plot construction. A debate or question on the ethical value of the book rarely arises among the more avid best-seller readers. To them the Best-seller List is infallible, and every book that appears on it mounts, *ipso facto*, the throne of final authority. From such premises, false conclusions are inevitable.

When, on occasion, the morals or ethics of a story come under discussion, the result is a plethora of contradictions, half-truths, illogical and fallacious deductions—the “confusion worse confounded” of norm-less, guide-less, unprincipled minds. Some readers call a particular act, unwise; some, indiscreet; some, unfortunate. Others place the blame for the act on environment, criminal tendencies, fate. The gamut of the principles of sociology, physiology, and psychology is played in search of the correct critical tone. Not

once is the awful existence of sin and its consequent havoc on human souls acknowledged.

Even among the more intelligent readers, those who hold to some basic standards of morality, an element of doubt regarding the morality of an act will arise from time to time. Ostensibly, there is great need for mental guidance here. If the average reader cannot, or will not, separate the good from the evil, it is the place, it is the duty of teachers to do it for them.

We do not claim that every book sporting the dubious title, "Best-seller," should be read. But we do maintain that any book that warrants explanation or insight, or that is in any way controversial should be read by those in authority, and discussed freely with subordinates. In this way, a truthful and reasonable analysis may be set abroad for the enlightenment of others. Those who cast off "Best-sellers" with a derisive flick of the hand cast off a duty which is theirs by right of responsible position and trained intellect.

The influence of "Best-sellers" on the collective American mind is more powerful than one cares to admit. The monopoly for immorality is not held by the movies alone. Without intelligent and articulate guidance for "average America", her plunge into darkness of understanding will be painfully precipitated.

B. D., '46

ACCENT ON YOUTH:

In current discussion and legislation youth is again very much in the limelight. Extension of the draft, compulsory military training, educational, economic, and social legislation for the G.I., focus attention on the lot of the youth of this nation. From youth itself and from the older generation rises the cry that the young of the country have been essential in its salvation, that the future leadership of the world lies in its power. Consequently there is much agitation as to whether these measures sacrifice youth's best powers or mould them to nobler ends. Important as all these questions are, they are not of highest importance. Greater than the physical and mental well-being of youth looms its spiritual need. On adherence to God, on moral stamina will be based the happiness or woe of the future. The primary heritage from generation to generation should be the inculcation of right principles and good example. Without these fundamentals, all secondary measures are barren. Right living and teaching include in their very nature the bestowing of these material benefits. It is for those who have trodden much of life's path to continue to walk in the ways of goodness so that youth may be initiated not into the devious ways of error but into spirituality and morality, which spell happiness now and in eternity.

N. A. S., '46

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Armed for the Fray:

Darn! There goes another run! Why be irritated! Just follow the latest fashion decree. It's très chic to sport darns, runs, or holes in your stockings, this Spring, my deah. Fortunate are the few who, armed with a week's supply of Vitamin B pills, an acetylene torch, a catcher's mask, and fullback padding, staunchly brave the onslaught of feminine hordes to procure some (Shhh) *nylons*. With the shortage of such apparel, the Hamlet-changed question arises, to paint or not to paint? Frankly, we feel that decorating is the next best thing to Nature's tan. So girls, gather ye paintbrushes while ye may, old Time is still a'flying; for this same tan which blooms today may be washed off without trying.

* * *

See-Saw:

March gave us April showers and May flowers. April Fool's Day brought us snow and thunder and lightning. Topsy-turverdom! And at the UNO, after a brief twelve hours' session the Russian delegates stalked off with uptilted noses (to catch a fuller breath of Spring air?). Next, the coal miners stage a preview of their little strike; but wise old timers that they are, they didn't picket during the icy blasts of Borea.

The last pat of butter stands quite alone; nylons are as rare as a day in June; even with shortage of material, fashion decrees that skirt lines grow longer and longer. Banner headlines call aloud that Europe is starving, and order U. S. to tighten its belt. A doleful picture—the tilt reaches the ground. But lo! Russia got her overdose of hot air and was back at the UNO. Hoover said that belt-tightening was not à la mode. The miners didn't strike. And plastic stockings, twice as good as nylons, are promised by May the first. And lo! The tilt reaches for the sky.

C. L.

* * *

Subtle Warnings (?):

Dainty, garbed in dresses bright, Co-eds on the grass alight; ruthless, crushing down the shoots of tender blades, by vicious boots. Gayest little butterflies, won't you from the grass arise? Take your books and luncheon kit, find some other place to sit.

The students seem to have put one over on the wise old philosopher who said, "Build a better mouse trap and the world will beat a path to your door," for they proceed in rank and file to the nearest ice-cream parlor to the tune of, "Make a better milk-shake, and we shall trail a path to your doors."

M. D.

* * *

What the People Think:

By the aid of these *People of the Streets* hours, one knows exactly what the public desires, what the public feels, what the public thinks. The point left open to doubt is *that* the public thinks. These programs aim to ferret out, by haphazard and chance, public opinions on momentous matters. For example: Brainy Joe, the office boy, has been buttonholed by the interviewer during his lunch hour. He is requested to inform a breathless waiting world whether a banana split is really the supreme happiness for which men can hope—is tangerine an Annapolis cadet or a book of the Bible? Joe says he prefers a banana split, and a tangerine is a spiritualist. Then he grabs his pencil or his pen (gift of the Solons) and is off. He has turned the course of history! There is one saving mark to these insanities. The answer can be as batty as you wish; even, in certain extreme cases, as batty as the question, yet the interviewer accepts it without a quiver. He must be a man of iron! One of these interviewers was told recently that Bali Bali is a little movie actress

with a Russian accent, and he accepted it as if he believed it. (Gosh, maybe he did!) The contestant was thanked; the announcer purred, "Don't forget your pen and pencil, my friend. . . . And remember, ladies and gentlemen, you too can write with ease with the popular Pipo pen and pencil. Buy a set tonight in any one of the six delicious colors."

E. G.

* * *

Impossible:

World War II brought to the foreground the ingenuity of our modern American scientists. The Atom bomb, the B-29, the K-ration serve to illustrate the work done in heretofore unexplored realms of science. How revolutionized will be the even tenor of our daily living when our homes, our automobiles, our airplanes, even our clothing will be manufactured in plastic. Ingenuity or not, Plasticians will attempt an impossible task if they should try to reproduce the wonder of our outgoing Seniors.

A. M.

* * *

Commercials, ah! Commercials:

The heroine is grasping a root that is quickly departing from its precarious hold on the side of the 6000 foot cliff; the villain is plying a hot poker over her tortured fingers; the hero is a mile away in a Cadillac with a flat tire, when—the genially booming voice of the announcer says: "Are your hands roughened by too much housework? Use the new Ducky Downe hand lotion. If you don't catch a handsome millionaire after once using our hand lotion, we shall cheerfully refund you twice the price of the bottle."

Now the boy is just expressing his love for the girl whom he has not seen for five years: hist! the sponsor calculates that it is opportune to explain the intricacies of automobile carburetors, or the processing of synthetic rubber. And so it goes on—the struggle between art and economics on the air. How rid the world of this recent hybrid?

L. O.

Dateless or Butterless?

Friday night? Those dear, dead Friday nights of the dim, dead past! One weary month ago, our social butterfly, at about six thirty P.M. was gayly pressing out her wings in preparation for a party, date, or dance. But now, you may see our social butterfly, with her wings folded drably at her sides, waiting, waiting, in an endless line. Father and Mother rush madly off every Friday night, leaving the supper dishes on the table. Why, oh why? Because every Friday night at approximately six thirty P.M. the Super-Market gives out BUTTER—a whole quarter of a pound to each customer! Is bread without butter, or Friday night without a date worse? Answer me that.

P. P.

* * *

Recipe:

No, your cook book does not feature it. It's really not difficult to make, so here goes. Melt one tablespoon of smiles, and one-half pint of tears. When thoroughly blended, drop in one dram of hope. Allow it to stand (say five hours' sleep) and then beat in one yoke of headache. Roast over fire with frequent dashes of jests and jokes. Sift into the concoction one cup of granulated labor, season with last minute gill of assignment in arrears. Dissolve package of wonder in two quarts of youth, and serve entire in patè shells of faith. It's delicious with "Prom" syrup. It is called, *College Life Special*.

C. O'B.

CURRENT BOOKS

My Wayward Parent. By Elizabeth Cobb. New York: The Bobbs-Merill Company, 1945. 255 pages.

A paean of praise awes, bolts heavenward; but often the seraphic airs of song blur the memory of the man they had meant to extol. This is not so with a simple tune of love. It brooks gently along, making melody with the pebbles on its depths. *My Wayward Parent* is such a love tune. In it, Elizabeth Cobb purposed to know her father better, to search for the man he was, to discover and understand what made him so. In virtue of that purpose the pulsing figure in the work is Cobb the man, the writer, the husband, the father, the humorist, the fisherman.

Paducah, Kentucky, was a fitting birthplace for Irving Cobb. It was a typical river junction down on the Pennyrille, with great Illinois just a stiff boat's row across the river. It offered the daily drama of sweat, smiles, and tears. At a very early age, Cobb had a job as a pseudo-reporter on the town newspaper. He learned the rudiments of reporting during a drabless apprenticeship. After raw, struggling years, he finally sat behind the editor's desk. At nineteen, he was the youngest editor (?) in the country. His task was "to write, edit, put together and all but sell on the streets, single-handed" his paper. It paid premiums in experience, but next to nothing in ready cash. Young Irvin's visions took flight from Paducah; so setting out with his young bride, he proposed "to follow the big American dream of getting on!"

The following chapters are a veritable saga of the doings and undoings in New York's newspaper mecca. They are a virtual text-book recording the drudgery, the failures, the wavering successes which assail a man's hope and poke fun at his perseverance. But the Cobb spirit was not to be downed. It blasted through editor's sacred anterooms, it wrote copy of the people for the people; it demanded and ultimately received recognition. These chapters also tell of his varied experiences as reporter-extraordinary during World War I; and his laughable escapades as tourist-reviewer in Europe. Behind Cobb the writer, however, was Cobb the sensitive man. At first introduction, he would seem to be a happy humorist who wore "mischief like a halo", and could make "a bronze

Buddha laugh"; but this great story-teller was a perfectionist. His demanding, serious characteristics dominated his every act. He was not free of human frailty, as many of the pages of this biography record.

Elizabeth Cobb was singularly equipped to write this book. She had been reared on the anecdotes and stories of her father's life and experiences. During the later years of close companionship she was able to supplement this surface knowledge with the deeper, innermost discoveries of mature judgment. The style is chatty, with a flourish of wit, a stroke of understanding that vitalizes her subject. The result is the portrait of a man whose complexity was delineated by deft handling of detail. There also emerges from her pen a tender, poignant story of the man who was Irvin Cobb.

Charlene L. O'Brien, '47

A Nation of Nations. By Louise Adamic. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1945.

"Diversity itself is the pattern of America," states Louis Adamic. Contrary to belief, the United States is not "an Anglo-Saxon country with a White-Protestant Anglo-Saxon civilization", but a veritable nation of nations. Thus Adamic aptly titles his twelfth book *A Nation of Nations*. He devotes a chapter to each of the thirteen nationalities found in America. Therein he points out specific racial characteristics, and some heretofore unappreciated contributions to American history and culture. An Italian, Mazzei, now unknown, played a vital role in the beginnings of the Republic. The Irish, usually considered in the New Immigration only, comprised nearly one-half of the Revolutionary Army. Few are willing to admit to what extent the American culture had been enriched by Negro folk lore and song. America comprises no single race. The country must be regarded as consisting of an amalgamation of all its peoples; nourishing, and being nourished by its component parts.

Mr. Adamic's thesis is a plea for tolerance, understanding, brotherly love. This thesis, if worked out in act, would accomplish much in solving our immigration problems and racial difficulties. To those who

boast of *Mayflower*-famed ancestors, and would thereby stake a greater claim to the name "American", Mr. Adamic quietly points that their ancestors were likewise immigrants. Even the Indians, contrary to general belief, are not native Americans, for they migrated from Asia—the part that is now Russia.

Topics like "democracy" and "tolerance" might easily be divested of a positive influence by a display of writing, suggestive of bombastic flag-waving and sham soap-box rhetoric. Louis Adamic skirts this Scylla and Charybdis, and steers into the clear stream of honest, factual writing. He is a man talking to men; an American talking to his fellow Americans. His style is shorn of flourishes and purple patches. Much of the book consists of anecdote and cataloguing. Adamic is eloquent on a weighty subject. The simple, direct, and clear manner of his presentation makes that subject more impressive.

A Nation of Nations is a saga of America. It is especially timely in this period of upheaval and readjustment endeavor. It is timeless because of its motivating principle of freedom and equality for all men. It stresses the Lincoln plea—that government of the people for the people by the people shall not perish from the land.

Eileen M. Cassidy, '47

The Reed of God. By Caryll Houslander. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1944. 177 pages.

The Reed of God opens wide the treasure chest of the life of our Blessed Mother. Each chapter in the book makes a meditation on a significant event in the life of Mary. Each meditation presents a different aspect of the central theme that Mary is the Reed of God; the delicate, hollow stem through which God breathed His Divine Song. From her Annunciation *Fiat*, which made her the Mother of all humanity, to her Assumption into Heaven, we see the masterful moulding of the grace of God blended into perfect form with the will of the Blessed Virgin.

In language, deeply emotional and poetic, Caryll Houslander stirs the reader out of the "timeless twilight of mediocrity" into which many moderns are contented to rest. With rousing indignation, she demands that we sweep out our cluttered hearts, and garnish them for the coming of the soul-desiring Christ. Here from the mouth of youth is uttered the sorely needed remedy for a weary world, ill with the disease of materialism and atheism.

Caryll Houslander combines in her book profound spirituality and direct, practical simplicity. Her keen insight into the heart of the meaning of the Mystical Body of Christ is, I think, more evident here than in *This War Is the Passion*.

From a literary view, *The Reed of God* is handled with power, and tenderness. Its doctrine is in perfect accord with sound orthodoxy. It tells, likewise, a thrilling love story, the incredible love story of Divinity and humanity. Caryll Houslander is a fine craftsman with a sure feel for words.

M. Virginia Furdon, '47

Most Secret. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow and Company, 1945. 310 pages.

Most Secret, Nevil Shute's latest novel, is an attempt to portray the effects of hatred, engendered by war, on ordinary people; and the resulting determination of four oddly assorted men, each of whom has been marked by war, to gain revenge on their enemy. The story is told in a realistic, almost documentary, fashion. In the telling, the reader is conscious of the strange things that war does to men.

The book unfolds an astounding scheme devised by four Englishmen. They plan to use a French fishing boat, the *Genevieve*, manned by Breton sailors, Danish seamen, and themselves, and armed with several small guns and a flame-thrower. They scheme to assail with their deadly weapons the *Raumboote* of the German Navy in sneak-up attacks. This they devise in order to stiffen the morale of the Bretons whose province is German occupied. Under the supervision of the British Admiralty the plan is carried out by its conceivers: Michael Rhodes, former chemist;

Charles Simon, French-English engineer; Oliver Boden, son of a wealthy wool manufacturer; and John Colvin, merchant seaman, who has traveled from San Francisco to aid the land of his birth.

Around these oddly daring men and their daring plan, Nevil Shute centers his plot. The chief interest of the book, however, does not center in the outcome of the plan (although that constitutes most of the action) but in the character portrayals of the men themselves. Rhodes, Simon, and Boden had a common hatred for the Germans, for each had suffered from the cruelty of the Nazi quest for power. In the flame-thrower, they have discovered the perfect weapon for their revenge. Fire, in one way or another, had touched each of their lives. Now it would be the weapon of their attacks. It is in the implacable hatred and the desire for revenge of these men that the chief emphasis of the book is found.

The purpose of the book is fulfilled in the superb, even frightening, characterization of Boden, Simon, Rhodes, and Colvin. They are at all times human, understandable in their weakness, and admirable in their courage, though its ethical motivation is false. This book possesses a little of the pathos of *Pied Piper*, and a shade of the tender romance of *Pastoral*. There is much suspense, a sprinkling of veiled humor, and some trace of the vulgar. The style seems calm, almost matter-of-fact; then the terse, taut words strike the reader with a stunning impact and leave him breathless and tense. The narrative is direct, vivid, the dialog natural and simple. *Most Secret* is the story of four ordinary men in an extraordinary period, and their actions, reactions, and interactions. They are alternately childish, vindictive, humorous. In the final test, they exhibit a high courage; the valor of simple people who will not endure oppression of themselves or their fellow men.

Maureen A. Delaney, '47

Al Smith, American. By Frank Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1945. 242 pages.

Frank Graham, who is by no means a tyro in the field of biography, scores top points, I think, for his informal life of Al Smith. His pur-

pose seems to be to set forth simply and candidly the checkered episodes in the life of Alfred Emmanuel Smith. He accomplished just that, as readers of his book can testify.

Here is pictured Al Smith in his youth with no touch of pathos. No sentimentality of tone clouds the early poverty and struggle of the Smith family. Graham shows with lightness and grace Al's ease in making friends by his straightforwardness; he does not attempt to gloss over or hide his ease in making enemies by the same straightforwardness. The character portrayal shows us a man accepting success and failure as a *man* should. Our admiration for Al Smith grows as we watch him rise to fame from the platform of uncompromising honesty. He stands before us greatest in being when he suffers his greatest defeat in his Presidential campaign.

While waiting for the definitive biography of this *Happy Warrior* Frank Graham's book fits into an accepted and acceptable niche. It is a sincere tribute to the memory of a staunch American Catholic who has proved that politics need not be divorced from ethics.

Dorothy M. Sheehy, '47

Captain from Castile. By Samuel Shellabarger. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1945. 503 pages.

Captain from Castile is a historical romance which has for its background the fiery spectacular period of the discovery of the New World and the intellectual awakening of the Renaissance. Samuel Shellabarger contrasts the feudal charm of Old Spain with the enchantment, the lure of Hernán Cortés' conquest of Mexico.

Through the handsome red-haired hidalgo, Pedro de Vargas, Mr. Shellabarger presents the spirits of the hot-blooded young Castilian of the period; restless, courageous, and proud. Pedro's future following of the honorable career of a soldier in the footsteps of his famous father, Francisco de Vargas, melted quickly before the hatred of a lordly neighbor who used the rules of the grim Inquisition to pursue his private end. The young hidalgo fled to Cuba with a veteran of Christopher Columbus's and Cortés' voyages, Juan Garcia. Both men joined Cortés bril-

liant campaign to invade Mexico. Pedro's courage and skill led to his position as courtier and envoy for Cortés at the Court of Charles V.

The characters which are natural and appealing expose the human weakness behind the proud nobility of Old Spain, and the fanaticism in the use of the Inquisition by the Spanish state. The dream of the ambitious Cortés to conquer Mexico for the glory of Spain, his iron rule of the soldiers who admired and respected him, and his costly conquest of Mexico reveal as no history book could the inevitable discouragements, obstacles, and suffering endured by courageous men inspired by different ideals. In the illicit love affair between Pedro and Catana, a dancing girl, Mr. Shellabarger abandons some of the restraint and discrimination which he exhibited in dealing with most of the situations in the plot. However, it clearly indicated the danger to morals engendered by the Renaissance movement and the restless spirit of the times.

Mr. Shellabarger has succeeded in capturing the spirit of the sixteenth century, with its manner and crudeness, its gaiety and cruelty, its unrest, pride, and intolerance. The clear, well defined plot is interwoven in a background which is realistic and complete. For those who enjoy vigorous, forceful writing together with thrilling adventure *Captain from Castile* will intrigue and fascinate them from the first page to the last.

Alicia M. Muir, '47

The Soul Afire. Edited by H. A. Reinhold. New York: Pantheon Books Inc., 1944. 413 pages.

At a time when the best-seller list is top-heavy with plotless, endless, artless fiction, *The Soul Afire* stands apart in glowing attestation to the survival of the aesthetic and the spiritual in man. It is an anthology of the best religious writings of all centuries. It contains no philosophy or theology in the strict sense of the word, for it is pure mysticism designed to acquaint a large audience with the correct concept of the term.

Ostensibly, the texts of these writers, some of whom are saints, poets, teachers, are catalogued under headings as varied as man's propensities.

With simple logic they review in sequential steps the stages of spiritual development.

St. Teresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, Cardinal Newman, and Meister Eckhart, leaders among the songsters of the soul, reveal with inspiring sincerity the soul's flight from sin, its bodily denudation, its apprehension by the "Loving Pursuer", and its "Ecstasy" in union with Christ.

Though the passages are mystical in nature they are easily understood, simply because they are outbursts of love and love is always understood. Their beauty lies chiefly in the Truth which is their beginning and end. Few pieces of literature can lay claim to that possession.

Because in a sense they are love-songs the passages rise at intervals to heights of pure lyricism and are sustained always by the beauty of a soul walking hand-in-hand with God.

The book is completely spiritual, and necessarily falls into the class of the esoteric. As a consequence the purpose of "making accessible to a wide audience a true conception of mysticism" is in part obstructed.

But for the few who will read the book, it will ever prove a source of inspiration: a tonic for the spiritually ill, a stimulant for the mediocre, and a challenge for the aspirant.

Barbara A. Dewey, '46

Jesuits Under Fire. By Thomas F. Ryan, S.J. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 1944. 188 pages.

Out of the holocaust and horror of our most recent world-conflict, have emerged many inspiring tales of heroism and valor in the face of chaos, destruction, and death. *Jesuits Under Fire*, a composite narrative compiled by Thomas F. Ryan, S.J., is "a purely personal record, the story of a band of Irish Jesuits in Hong Kong and how they fared in the days of war," yet it might well be added to the list of epics of unstinting courage above and beyond the call of duty.

Long before the outbreak of actual hostilities on December 8, 1941, shadows of impending war shrouded the island of Hong Kong and the opposite promontory of Kowloon. The twenty-seven Jesuits, veterans

of twelve years of missionary activity (five houses established there) had already been assigned to emergency stations. Billeting of refugees, transportation of food, direction of hospital facilities, coupled with priestly ministrations soon became the order of the day. The terrorized people of China, in constant trepidation of possible death, were eager to receive the comforting graces of the sacraments, and the gallant Jesuits braved the perils of the besieged city to bring Christ's consolation to them. As the situation grew more tense, religious fervor increased. Confessions were heard in restaurants, hotel lounges, soda fountain settings, battle-stations, and even in thronged market-places, while baptisms took place daily under the shelter of arcaded pillars on the edge of Hong Kong streets. The stalwart priest-heroes were often under surveillance and suspicion. Those on the island were separated from those on the mainland. Two were even interned by the invading Japanese, yet through the almost miraculous intervention of Divine Providence, all escaped serious injury and death. At the close of each harrowing day, they banded together for community recitation of the Rosary. Here, they thanked God for the preservation of their lives, and begged Him to give them strength to rebuild the shattered fragments of their apostolic labors. With the inevitable surrender of the Colony to the Japanese, the Irish Jesuits were forced to leave their mission-field. The exodus was painful, treacherous, and difficult, yet all arrived safe in "Free China," grateful for the graces they had received and confident that Divine Providence would guide them in the future.

With diary-like vividness and compelling clarity Father Ryan has modestly recorded the adventures which he and his fellow Jesuits suffered during the siege of Hong Kong. With honesty and sincerity he pays tribute to the patient populace of war-swollen China, to the other religious organizations in the Colony, and to his intrepid colleagues. His style is personal, simple, direct, and sprinkled with occasional humor, for irrepressible Irish laughter often helped to relieve a grim experience.

Jesuits Under Fire is a graphic presentation of self-sacrifice and daring devotion. It is a "must" for those who crave realism, adventure, and excitement; for those who long for gripping war drama; and especially for those who thrill to the inspiring spectacle of heroic men of God furthering the spread of the Gospel of Christ.

Florence L. Logue, '46

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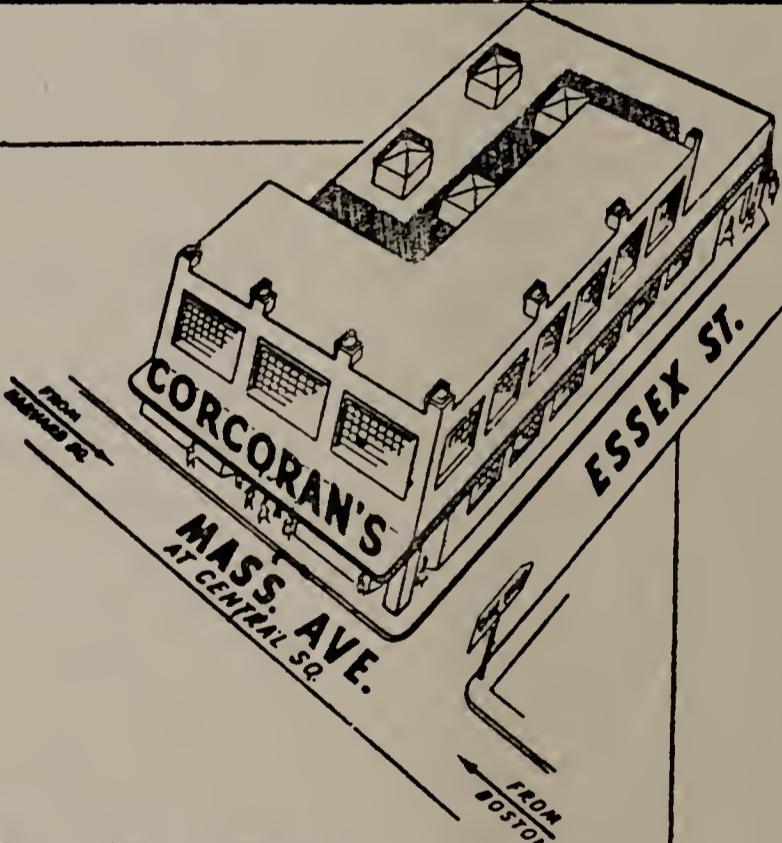
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DECISION

Mary E. Fleming, '47

IT WAS the day before Christmas. The vast railroad station was decorated with red streamers, holly, and brightly lit trees. Throngs of late shoppers and businessmen were heading toward the local trains, while servicemen and other travelers started towards the crack luxury liners leading towards all parts of the country. Everyone had a festive air. The sudden drop in temperature gave promise of snow.

The Super-Chief, Los Angeles to New York direct, slid its streamlined length into the station. As a mink-coated girl stepped from the train, she was greeted by a flash of light bulbs. Immediately she was surrounded by the mayor of the city, reporters, policemen, and curious onlookers seeking autographs.

“Welcome to New York, Miss Morgan,” the mayor shouted above the noise and hubbub. Then he presented her with a bouquet of roses and the key to the city.

“Thank you,” Marilyn Morgan replied, posing ever so slightly for the photographers.

The mayor was shoved rudely back, and the reporters began hurling questions.

“How do you like New York?”

“Why, I . . .”

“Are you just here for the War Bond rally or do you intend to do a play?”

“I’m here for . . .”

“Thanks, may I quote you?”

“Do you think you’ll win the Oscar again?”

“Oh, I . . .”

"Is it true that you are secretly engaged to Ted Johnson?"

"No, we're . . ."

At this moment the star's producer and discoverer, J. B. Bernstein, appeared beside Marilyn. A great bulk of a man, he raised the palm of his hand.

"Stop!" he roared. "Miss Morgan is exhausted from her long ride. No more questions." He turned to one of the policemen, "Okay, Joe, let's get out of here."

With that, the long procession began. First came the policeman leading the way, then the mayor, the producer, the star, her maid, and several porters loaded down with expensive initialed luggage.

As the actress and her retinue neared one of the exits, they passed a post-office branch where people were busily mailing last minute packages and cards. Large placards were placed about reading, "Mail early for Christmas."

Marilyn called to her maid. "Anne, did you mail . . ."

"Yes?" queried the maid.

"Oh, yes, you did." Marilyn answered her own question.

They reached the exit and hastened towards a long, low-slung black limousine.

"Easy does it, Marilyn," called J. B. helping her into the car, shutting out the crowd.

Settled inside the car Marilyn said wearily, "I'm so tired," and as an afterthought, "bored." Then beginning to sneeze, she thrust the roses at her maid. "Take these, Anne," she commanded.

"You're not catching cold?" anxiously queried the producer.

"You know perfectly well I haven't a cold. I have rose fever! Why couldn't you, at least, have arranged for that

stupid mayor to hand me gardenias or orchids or anything except roses?"

"I'm sorry," he answered.

"Do you think they photographed me all right?" Marilyn asked. "It seemed as though all the shots were from the right side, and I always photograph better from the left side."

"Yes, yes," grunted Bernstein.

"And those awful reporters hounding me. I hate them all. They actually think I came all the way from California just to appear for five minutes to sell war bonds."

"Think of the publicity," interrupted J. B. "Be nice to the New York reporters if you want to star in Whitman's new play, *The Golden Nymph*. Don't forget he reads the papers too." This silenced Marilyn, and she sulked in her corner of the seat.

As the car stopped abruptly, the doorman of the *Hotel Lafayette* opened the door. The star swept grandly into the lobby and the manager greeted her.

"Have you my usual penthouse suite prepared?" she asked haughtily, the manner she reserved especially for clerks.

"Oh, Miss Morgan," the manager gushed, "I'm so sorry, but unfortunately we received the wire too late from the studio to reserve your customary apartment. However, we have another one . . ."

Marilyn's eyes flashed fire. "After all the times I've stayed here," she began. Her producer came to the rescue.

"All right," he winked at the distract manager. "Come now," he said propelling her towards the elevator.

As the actress opened the door of her suite a shining Christmas tree synthetically sprayed with silver, and aglow with blue lights greeted her gaze.

"How pretty!" she exclaimed with childish glee, and clapped her hands. "Look at the tree," she called to her maid and Bernstein. "Compliments of the management," she piped.

"Look, Marilyn, I have to go down town to arrange a few last minute details concerning the bond rally. I'll see you about 6:45."

Marilyn retorted, "I hope you will attend to those details more carefully than the ones regarding the trip."

J. B. began to say something, but stopped.

Tears welled up in the girl's eyes. "Oh, darling, don't leave," she cried. "I'm sorry that I've treated you so badly, but," and her voice rang with exquisite pathos, "I love you."

The producer threw back his head and laughed heartily. "That's great, kid. If you have your speech for the rally memorized half as well as that farewell scene in the *Golden Nymph* everything will be fine." Still chuckling, he left.

"That was excellent, Miss Morgan," meekly commented her maid.

"Why thank you, Anne; at least I can believe that you speak the truth." Changing the subject she continued, "I ought to change now, so start unpacking. Mr. Whitman, the author of that play, is coming to see me before I go to the rally. Humming a lilting melody she went into her bedroom.

A short time elapsed. From the other room the maid heard her mistress call angrily.

"Anne, come here this instant!"

Anne rushed in. "What's the matter?"

"I can't find my new evening gown."

"Here it is," said Anne, retrieving it from a heap of clothes.

"There's the buzzer, answer it," Marilyn commanded.

The maid returned and said, "Reporters, but I got rid of them."

"Good."

"There's the phone."

"Miss Morgan's apartment. Yes, she's here." Covering the phone with her hand Anne whispered, "It's the editor of *Fashion Conscious*; she wants you to pose for the cover of next month's magazine.

"Tell her no."

The phone rang again. "No, Miss Morgan cannot endorse Dupleix's beauty preparations; perhaps some other time," the maid said tactfully.

The buzzer rang again and Anne hastened to answer it. She returned in a moment.

"Well?" questioned Marilyn.

"Three dozen roses. One from the hotel management, one from the New York office of Metrogram pictures and," she paused significantly, "one from Mr. Whitman."

"Oh!" Marilyn's expression changed from scorn to joy. "Well, even if I detest roses, it was sweet of him to send them. Anne, do you think he really wants me for the title role?"

"Of course he does," replied the maid anxiously striving to soothe Marilyn's vanity.

"At any rate I'm going to lie down and rest for a while. Say no to all the phone calls and let the buzzer ring. Unless of course it's J.B. or Mr. Whitman," she hastily added.

Lying on her bed Marilyn switched on the radio. She turned from the news to the music of Christmas carols. The orchestra played "Adeste Fideles", "O Little Town of Bethlehem", and other carols.

The announcer interrupted the music to say, "Wouldn't you like to have an old-fashioned Christmas out in the country? Tonight is Christmas Eve, and from the windows of the snow covered cottage you see carolers coming in a sleigh. As they near your house they alight and serenade you. Afterwards you invite them in to help you trim the tree with popcorn, candy, ribbons, and candles. Then you sing and dance while the Yule log blazes." The announcer continued, "If you would enjoy a Christmas like this, drink Old Fashioned Coffee. Yes, it's fragrant aroma compels eight out of ten people to drink Old Fashioned Coffee." Marilyn switched on another station—"remember if you have mailed early for Christmas, you won't overload your mailman."

Disgustedly she switched off the radio. She twisted and turned but could not fall asleep. The phantasms of an old-fashioned Christmas in the country kept appearing before her eyes, intermingled with her childhood memories of Christmas. All its joys and happiness were suddenly upon her. The sentence "Mail early for Christmas" kept running through her mind. Like the wheels of a locomotive it went, "Mail early for Christmas, Mail early for Christmas, Mail early for Christmas."

Trying to cast aside these thoughts she got up and began to brush her hair. From the other room she heard the strains of "Adeste Fideles".

Anne opened the door and peeped in. "Oh, you're already up, Miss Morgan. Did you sleep?"

"No. Where's that music coming from?"

"Oh, some of the hotel orchestra is serenading you out in the corridor. I didn't dare let them in."

"Carolers twentieth century style in a sky-scraper hotel,"

said Marilyn bitterly. "How can Christmas be such a sham here in the city? And I never noticed it before." She burst into tears.

"Now, now, Miss Morgan," said Anne, "you're just over-tired and upset." She was used to the emotional high-strung actress, and thought this was perhaps a scene from her last movie.

"An old fashioned Christmas in the country," mumbled Marilyn in between sobs.

"Now, if you're worrying about that Mr. Whitman and his old play, don't give it another thought."

"Anne, Anne," cried Marilyn, "you don't understand, no one does!"

Suddenly Marilyn stopped crying and dried her tears. "Anne, do you have a family?"

"No, I don't, Miss Morgan; they're all dead," answered Anne, surprised at her mistress' question, for Marilyn had never asked about her private life.

"Well, I have a wonderful family whom I've neglected for years. You did mail those Christmas packages early, didn't you, Anne?"

"Yes, I malied them a long time ago in California."

"Then they should arrive on time," mused Marilyn. Glancing at her diamond-studded wrist watch she exclaimed, "Look at the time! Where on earth is J.B.? Mr. Whitman will be here at any moment."

The buzzer sounded and Anne went to answer it dutifully. Marilyn heard the booming voice of J.B. and hastened into the living room.

"Sorry I was late, Marilyn," he called. "You know how it is down the office. Everything's all set for the rally to-night. You look radiant tonight, Marilyn."

"What time did you say Whitman was coming?"

"Seven-thirty."

"It's almost that now."

"Have you eaten, Marilyn?"

"No, I wasn't hungry."

"Nonsense, you must have something. Anne," he called.

"Don't bother, J.B. She's busy."

Bernstein pulled out a cigar, lit it, and glanced nervously at his watch. "Where is that man?"

Marilyn rose from her chair and said, "I'm not going."

"You're what?" gasped the producer.

"I'm not going to that rally I said."

"You most certainly are!" roared J.B. "What will the papers say? 'Star does not appear at bond rally, but starts rehearsal for new play.' That will be great publicity."

"Nothing you can say or do will make me change my mind."

"Marilyn, you're throwing away your great opportunity. Think of the public, think of Metrogram pictures, think of me."

Marilyn laughed aloud at the spectacle of Bernstein pleading like a baby.

"Think of my fans? I don't care about them. Think of Metrogram pictures? I've made millions for them. Think of you? I've made millions for you, too. If you hadn't discovered me, you'd still be a second rate director of cowboy pictures."

"Marilyn, please don't say such things," begged J.B.

Up to this point he had been appealing to the better side of her nature, if there was one.

"All right, just as you say," the producer answered. "But why the sudden decision? You don't look ill or anything."

"It's not sudden; I've been thinking of it for several hours," replied Marilyn.

"Why?"

"Because . . ."

"Well?"

"I'm going home for Christmas!" she burst out. "I want an old-fashioned Christmas with a tree and popcorn and lights. I want Christmas carolers and Mom and Dad and the family!"

"For the luva Mike," gasped J.B. Then he threw back his head and roared. "The sophisticated actress speaks." He stretched his arms out dramatically. "I haven't read this scene in the play."

"It isn't in the play," cried Marilyn. "Can't you see I mean it?"

The buzzer interrupted their conversation.

"If it's Whitman, tell him I don't want to see him. I'm ill or something," said Marilyn to her producer."

"Okay, just a minute." He left the room.

Returning a few moments later he said, "Everything's all set. He seems quite anxious to have you for the lead." Bitterly he added, "You do remember the play, my pet? The thing we traveled three thousand miles for?"

"Sarcasm will get you no place."

"I thought I had seen you in every sort of a mood but this tops them all."

"Which proves that men can never understand women?"

"Look, Marilyn, I know you're tired out. That overseas tour, then three pictures in a row. What you need is a long rest."

"I agree."

"Well, then, take your little vacation over the Christmas

holidays. I'll procure some one else for the bond show, give the newspaper boys a good tale, and everything's fine."

"What about the *Golden Nymph*?"

"That will require tact."

"He might want some other star for the part."

"Don't suggest such things! After all, you won the Oscar last year. He has the best dramatic actress in the country waiting for the role."

"But suppose something happens to the best actress?"

"Such as what?"

"Suppose I retire? Then he'll have to get someone else!"

"Think what you're saying child! You don't mean that!"

"Yes, I do. I'm going home for Christmas and I'm going to stay home."

"In that one horse town? You'll be bored to death in two days!"

"I liked it fine until you came along."

Bernstein's temper had been held in check all along but fanned by the sudden news he roared, "Why you ungrateful wretch! I found you in that hick town just a scrawny kid in a high school play. I took you under my wing, trained you, taught you how to dress and act and made you a success. This is the thanks I get." He paused completely out of breath, and wiped his perspiring forehead.

"Oh, is that so?" retorted Marilyn. "You did a lot for me. You made me a success materially. I have expensive clothes, servants, three homes, jewels. But what are they? Just a lot of sham. They're like the tinsel and gaudy trimmings on the Christmas trees in New York. They last only a short time. Today I found out for the first time. Your idea of Chirstmas Eve is to go out to a cocktail party. Well, it's not mine, any more." Marilyn rushed out of the room.

As she was tossing clothing into an overnight case with her maid helping her perplexedly, Bernstein entered the room.

"This is the parting of ways, Marilyn," he said solemnly. "Let us be friends anyway after all these years."

"All right, J.B."

"If you should decide, however, that the country is too much for you, you know where to reach me."

"Yes."

"You'll change your mind, Marilyn."

"Will I?" she asked.

WHEN I HAVE FOUND YOU

Laure E. Thibert, '47

When I have found you, love, my voice will call
Across the world in clearest crystal tone.
On whirling zephyr wings, it will not fall
But soar to where no earthly sound has flown.
Delighted to have found you in my flight,
The trembling timbre of my voice will dare
To ring above all magic mountain height
And sing your name in rapture everywhere.

Yet, meanwhile I must wail a plaintive tune,
And skim across a dismal wilderness,
As desolate as wind on wasteland dune,
As lonely in my searching restlessness.
And every yearning flight will be the same
Until I find you, love, and call your name.

THE FAILURE

Lucille E. Oates, '47

THE sun was warm upon his body; yet he was not glad. He knew that the walks below his window must be gay riots of color and that a light breeze was tipping all the blossoms in one direction; and he did not care.

Once he had been an intern in this hospital whereof the very caustic, antiseptic odor of its corridors he had learned to love. He realized that very few remembered his name and soon all would forget his face, but he was proud of his two years here.

Soft footsteps stopped outside his door. In all probability his nurse, for few came to see him.

"Good morning, Doctor!" He loathed her pseudo-cheerful voice. He did not reply.

"I've brought your lunch." He could feel her placing the bed tray on his lap.

"After not eating your breakfast, you must be hungry!"

"I don't want it."

"Oh, come now, Doctor, you're not a child, you know."

"I know when I don't want anything, take it away," he snapped.

"I'll leave it here and I'm sure you'll have it finished when I come back."

"I'm warning you, take it away!"

He could hear her walking toward the door, so with one jerk of his hand he sent the tray clattering across the floor. The nurse said nothing but he knew she was angry. It was a great satisfaction to him.

Even after the mess had been cleaned up and the nurse had left without a word, he was not sorry. He knew he had behaved like a spoiled debutante, but he didn't care.

It was unjust that a man of his age, thirty-two was not old, should be in a hospital bed; his fine, supple surgeon's hands lying useless at his side because he could not see to use them. He had just undergone another operation of which he could appreciate the intricacy, for he had had a brilliant career ahead of him as an eye specialist.

Someone was coming; if it was his nurse he would get rid of her quickly enough.

"Doctor, there is a young lady who sometimes reads to the patients. Would you care to have her read to you?"

"No."

"But she just does it to be helpful. Surely it wouldn't hurt you to listen for a while, and it might do you some good."

"I said no," he barked.

"I'll send her in anyway; she'll be down in about fifteen minutes."

He planned what he would say when the girl arrived so as to make sure she would never return. He would be unbearable and take pleasure in it. Much later the door opened but the ugly retort framed on his lips was never uttered, for the girl said nothing but quietly started to read.

He folded his arms and turned his face to the wall. Still she read on. Her voice was soft yet each word was distinctly and sweetly pronounced. She read a story packed with adventure. Unwillingly he found himself becoming interested in the outcome of the plot, but kept his arms stiff and his face away from her voice. Soon the story was over and the girl was gone as silently as she had come.

Well, she won't be back after the reception I gave, he thought regretfully, though he would not admit that emotion.

The next day was as beautiful as the last one. A different nurse brought his tray. He asked her about the girl.

"I suppose that she has quite a few millions, so she can afford to waste her time reading to poor unfortunates."

"Well, yes; she is rich. You wouldn't speak like that if you knew her."

"I have no wish to know her, and I don't want her back here, jabbering inane stories to me." Somehow this retort did not sound so convincing as he had determined it would.

The day was long. When late in the afternoon he had decided that the nurse had taken him at his word and told the girl not to come, there she was again by his bed. She began to read poetry. It took on almost a celestial life coming through the medium of her rich, vibrating voice. As she finished he spoke to her.

"Thank you very much. I really enjoyed it." This remark sounded stiff, but it had been a long time since he had uttered anything gracious.

"I am glad you liked it. I'll be back tomorrow."

All during the restlessness of that night he dwelt in thought about the time when she would return. He tried to recall the books he had always meant to read, and the poems he would like to hear her read. This he confided to her. She said that she would be happy to get them and read them to him. Once again he began to hope and to plan a future. Somehow the girl with the lovely voice flittered in and out of his schemes.

He would not tell her that he might see again. He wanted to surprise her. Although the chances of his restoration

were one in a thousand, yet he looked upon it as a lucky omen—his meeting her.

The days continued to drag, until they speeded up in momentum when the girl came to visit him. These visits were becoming more frequent. Often her book would lay forgotten in her hand while they talked. Through her means the world was shown to him in a new guise and a more wholesome aspect. He resolved that when his sight was restored he would be a finer man in act and outlook.

Finally the day arrived which was to test the result of his operation. The day before, the girl had come. He had asked her to read to him, for he could not trust himself to talk to her and not reveal the tension of his thoughts. Her voice floated slowly and clearly upon the air, still he sensed a new wistfulness in her tone.

“What’s the matter, Joan? Tired of reading to me?”

“Oh, no. My family is leaving for our summer residence tomorrow. Today is the last time I shall be here.”

“It’s going to be lonesome without you. I’ll miss your reading to me; it’s meant a lot.”

He had tried to match the regret in her voice, but the anticipation of the joy of his recovery would not let him. Tomorrow he could tell her that he could see. Perhaps she thought he was glad she was going; so much the better; the surprise would be more complete.

“You’ll stop in for a few minutes tomorrow, won’t you, Joan?”

“Yes. I’ll see you in the early afternoon.” And she was gone.

He wanted to tear the bandages from his eyes. The doctor seemed to be taking centuries to get to his room. At last

the doctor was near his bedside. Fear gripped him as in a vise. The bandages were off.

"Do you see any light?" the doctor asked.

Sweat glistened on his forehead. He was trying, trying, trying. Nothing. Complete darkness. Had the operation failed? Had it?

The doctor bent over to examine his eyes. Silence stretched into eternity.

"I'm glad you're a doctor, Tom. It makes it a little easier to understand if not to take."

"Well?"

"Sorry. No go."

An entire world crumbled by the force of those few words. He remembered the trite things that he had said to patients when his own operations had failed. How silly it was to say anything.

They left him with his head in his hands. She would be here soon. What could he say? It was to have been such a happy meeting. What good was a man who could only look to a future of weaving baskets and making brooms? He didn't care what hope was held out for the blind. He was not going to try for anything higher. Life would be ashes in his mouth forever. Then, suddenly, she was in the room, speaking to him.

"I can stay but a few minutes; just long enough to say good-bye." She was waiting for something more; something she would never hear.

"I am sorry you're going. It's been fun. I've told my wife how much I appreciated your devotion. I'll have her send you something."

"Oh!"

"Where shall I have her send it?"

"Please . . . don't bother. Good-bye."

It hurt him to hear the pain in her voice, but it was the only way.

She went swiftly from the room, and in her haste dropped one of her books on the bed. He could not get up enough courage to call out to her to come back for it. He turned it over in his hand fondling it. He touched the title page. The braille lettering was rough beneath his fingers.

HOPE

Charlene L. O'Brien, '47

A cup of happiness thine to taste,
A day of laurels thine to know;
But speedily flees the joy untraced,
A joy which promised ne'er to go.
The fragile cup soon shatters, soon,
Its fragments in abandon strewn.
The day recedes to eternity
As night uplifts dark canopy.
How bitter would the struggle be
Without the Beam of Calvary.

CALLING

Catherine M. Harkins, '47

The day is long. I welcome the night
Grave with its starless ebon hue;
The moon has hidden her face in fright
Of the ominous storms which threaten and brew.
Comfort I find, a haven, no harms
Bewitched, benumbed in your phantom arms.

Come you not with the morn when my spirit is high,
Come you not with the eve when my spirit sinks pale;
But wait, fond lover, wait till I
Have signalled that my spirits fail:
Then come, blest lover, silently creep
To calm your beloved, oh cherished Sleep!

LINKED SWEETNESS

Laure E. Thibert, '47

"In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

L'Allegro

MILTON said it! He said it and never realized how literally true his expression was to become in the twentieth century. Today, though all that we hear is not "sweetness", yet certainly the music of the concert hall, the radio, and the phonograph are closely "linked" together.

So strong and binding has this great chain of music grown, link by link about us, that only the most insensible person can deny its existence. The rest of us are, in varying degrees, aware of its omnipresence. Music is everywhere, and consciously or unconsciously, we love it. There was a time when good music was the peculiar treasure of the wealthy, the elite who could afford a box at the Opera House or a subscription to Symphony Hall. It was almost inconceivable that anyone else should share in its enjoyment. But music was never meant to be a snob. She is an aristocrat, yet she is also democratic, cosmopolitan, generous. And today, more than ever before, her treasure chest is open wide to everyone who would pick his own jewels of aesthetic experiences and delights.

Most of us are well aware that all these treasures are ours for the taking, but we are still timid about reaching out for them. For either social, intellectual, or emotional reasons we feel unworthy of such gifts. *We are afraid of good music.* Socially, we cover up timidity with a scoff—"That long-haired stuff? Not for me!" Intellectually, we are as

timorous. We do not know where to begin to search for this treasure. We have been frightened and misled in our hunt by the technicalities and superiorities of well-meaning critics who have assumed that we know more about music than we do. Emotionally, we are equally fearful. We say, "But it's too deep for me—". And that is usually because we are afraid of the depths we may be asked to sound.

What is there to be afraid of in listening to good music? Is it only a social or financial fear of the concert hall? If so, let us familiarize ourselves with good music via the radio and the phonograph first, and then begin to frequent the second balcony of Symphony Hall. In both instances we shall be giving social ease to our musical ear. Is it an intellectual fear of good music? A where-shall-I-begin cry? These articles will attempt to be your guideposts to better listening. Is it an emotional fear? Music is too deep? Then it is time for us to do three things: to grow up; to shed our puritanical boogies; and to relax!

At this point, it is difficult to decide on which to recommend first, the music appreciation book or the record, for the book lives only through the record, and the record becomes more intelligible only through the book. They must be introduced together before the music lover can disassociate them and decide which of the two he will follow to better listening.

There are hundreds of music appreciation primers, as there are countless easy-to-meet classical recordings, and their recommendations depend solely on the person recommending them. Therefore, when I suggest Charles D. Isaacson's *The Simple Story of Music* and Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf" as good introductory material, remember that I am recommending them only from personal preference.

The common denominator of these two selections is their humor, and therein lies my reason for recommending them. A sense of humor is the first requisite in overcoming any of the above mentioned fears of good music, for it, alone, will make the frightened listener relax.

Mr. Isaacson's book is very easy reading. It presents the rudiments of musical theory, orchestration, and history in the most interesting and lucid manner imaginable. It is an excellent music appreciation text to start with for it is just what its title indicates it to be: the *simple* story of music. It is praiseworthy too, for the long list of recordings it recommends to the beginner.

Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf" is recommended for much the same reasons. Although the work pretends to be a fairy tale told with orchestral accompaniment for children, nevertheless, it holds all the excitement for grown-ups that Santa Claus does on Christmas eve. Listening to it is a captivating way to familiarize oneself with the various instruments of the orchestra because each of the characters in the story is represented by a particular instrument that weaves in and out of the tale in an identifying theme. I would recommend, especially, the Columbia recording of this work with Basil Rathbone as narrator. It is completely fascinating.

If you cannot obtain *The Simple Story of Music* in your library, then let any of Deems Taylor's or Sigmund Spaeth's books guide you to pleasurable listening. Both men have written numerous books on music, and each writes in his own engaging, informal style. Deems Taylor's works are based largely on his radio talks, and if you have never heard any of these, read *The Well-Tempered Listener*. *Ipsa facto*, you will want to read his other books. Sigmund Spaeth has

written on almost every phase of music. His fine *At Home With Music* is an enticing introduction to his other volumes.

When you have read at least two of these light, informal approaches to good music then you are ready for more serious texts. Again, there are numerous excellent books to choose from, but here I must limit my suggestions to only three types of music appreciation texts that every one should keep on hand for ready reference. He should own, first of all, a scholarly history of music. *Music Through the Ages* by Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser is one of the best. A good symphonic guide is the next indispensable part of the music lover's equipment. By far, the most beautiful and intelligible volume of this type that I have ever read is Charles O'Connell's *Victor Book of the Symphony*. Mr. O'Connell writes in language that is almost entirely non-technical and appeals chiefly to the senses, to the imagination, and to the emotions of his reader. It is stimulating and delightful. The next essential volume for the music lover to own is an operatic guide. The simplest, and least expensive of these is the well-known *Metropolitan Opera Guide*. These three types of music books should be the foundation of every listener's library. Later on, he may want to add to these, various musical biographies, criticisms, and perhaps, even musical theory texts. But he must begin with these three—the history, the symphonic guide, and the operatic guide—for they are the primers of music appreciation.

This limited space bars any adequate list of recordings which would satisfy every music lover. Therefore, but one selection from each type is all that I can suggest. As an introduction to the symphonic form try Franck's *D Minor Symphony* or Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 5*. Both com-

positions have themes which have been popularized into love songs. Although this treatment has lowered the aesthetic value of the works for the veteran music lover, yet it forms a happy aid to the uninitiated.

Familiarize yourself, also, with the concerto form by listening over and over again to Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No. 2*, and either Brahms' or Mendelssohn's Violin Concerts. You are already acquainted with themes from these concertos, but as you listen to them as a whole you will easily and pleasantly learn the technicalities of the concerto form. Likewise, your musical library should contain single records to guide you to better and more understanding listening. It would be well to make your selections by following the development of musical history, or by taking samples of each form of musical composition in turn. In your musical appreciation text you will find all the helpful suggestions you need to govern either method.

This article has presented but a sketchy map of the paths you may follow to the finding of the hidden treasure of good music. It is for you to discover your very own path to better listening. The treasure chest you will find is open wide. Its hoard of aesthetic jewels is yours for the taking. The rest is up to you!

BOUND

Virginia Furdon, '47

Flashing through the mind,
A fleeting thought takes wing,
Like music on the wind—
A strange, elusive thing.

It lingers hauntingly,
Half-shadowed, half-concealed;
It teases tauntingly,
And yet stays unrevealed.

Who knows what power untold
Lies dormant, thought-unsought!
What knowledge could unfold
From hidden, buried thought.

REBIRTH

Patricia R. Carroll, '47

It clings. November winds blow biting past;
Last leaf, strength ebbed, yields to blast;
Last breath of life relinquishes its hold,
And death, lonely death, comes fast.

Grey barren branches cringe before all eyes;
No more can they disguise.
And Nature's million winters show again
How lifeless, still, bloom lies.

Soft breath of April breaks the hardened sod;
A trumpet sounds from God!
Arise, breathe in, thy buds bring forth anew,
Another triumph, Lord!

MAD-CAP MASQUERADE

Catherine M. Harkins, '47

THE gym was jammed to capacity that fatal day. It looked as if all the students of Bellamy College for Women were trying to dance to the new Sinatra record, "Can't You Read Between the Lines." Claire Dailey and I were having a gentle argument in the middle of the floor. My partner was insisting that I didn't know the first thing about leading a step, and I was equally insistent that she didn't know what she was talking about. Dail's impish eyes were indulgently tolerant while I raved in a distracted fashion from dancing, to flying, to a trip to New York. The whole crowd was pining to spend the holiday weekend in the Big City but the financial situation being what it was, we just pined.

"To be strictly truthful with you, Nellie," Dail interrupted, "I'd rather go to the Tea Dance."

"Oh, you would! Now, what would you like to go with, a robot man or, maybe, a cigar store Indian?"

"Golly, I can't believe things are really this bad."

"If we only had a man between us."

Dail brightened. "Yeah, he could take one of us for a while, show her home, and then go get the other."

"Gee, with a system like that the whole crowd could go!"

We were revelling in our reveries as young optimists are apt to do when Pat Sheehan squeezed through the couples and dragged us off to a safety zone in back of the lockers.

"Kids," she whispered, "be quiet or you'll break the speed."

"What's the ma . . . ?"

"Ellen, *please!*!" Then reverently, "Kids, I'm all set for the Tea Dance."

The kids uttered nary a word.

"My Aunt fixed me up. It's a blind date, but a date's a date."

About a century later Dail nodded reflectively, "A date's a date."

I echoed, "A date's a . . . Wait a minute! A date's an answer to our prayers!"

Pat bristled: "I don't know about your prayers but he certainly is an answer to mine."

Placatingly I begged, "Pat, how would you like all of us to go, Dail, Eleanor, Nance, everyone?"

But Dail pinched me and laughed, "Be sensible, love. That brain-storm would never work."

Nothing daunted I sputtered, "I've got a better one; we'll put him up on chances."

Dail exclaimed, "Put him up on chances?"

And poor Pat stammered bewilderingly, "My date?"

Callously I replied, "Your date. We'll raffle him off and go to New York on the profits."

With comprehension came indignation: "I hate to interfere with your wonderful plans, but he's my date, my man; I've waited for him; prayed for him . . ."

"We understand and we sympathize, Pat; we've been through it, too. But this is for the common good."

Dail chuckled, "Yeah, the common good."

I persisted with the philanthropic approach: "Pat, surely you're willing to sacrifice your pleasure for the benefit of the crowd, our crowd, your friends, your bosom friends."

"Nellie, you're an old soft-soaper, but I don't like it. If

he ever found out he was being raffled off like a . . . like a turkey . . .”

“Who says he’s going to find out. It’s a blind date. He doesn’t know what you look like. We’ll cover up the name somehow. We’ll keep our fingers crossed and hope for the best.”

Dail’s words were reassuring but her tone doubtful. “I’ll make a novena.”

Theatrically Pat interpolated, “I still don’t like it.”

I had enough enthusiasm for the three of us put together so I gallantly took the fore again: “You want us to be happy, don’t you? You want to go to New York, don’t you?”

The spirit was moving Dail and she calculated: “We’ll make a fortune on this. The opportunity of a lifetime, and only twenty-five cents a chance!”

Pat squealed: “Only twenty-five cents? Is that all you think of my date? Fifty cents at least!”

Exultantly I cried, “Fifty cents, and Pat, darlin’, here’s hoping you win him back.”

We formed a corporation with me, The Idea, at the head. Our publicity committee proclaimed that the proceeds of the raffle were destined for a worthy cause dear to the hearts of corporation members. Three days before the dance we had sold six times as many tickets as we had even dreamed of selling. The climactic drawing proved a certain Miss Angeline Pinkerton, a popular Freshman-about-town, to be holder of the lucky ticket entitling her to “. . . an afternoon and evening with a male; 6’2”; dark hair; blue eyes, pleasing personality 4F (but in good condition) with car.”

The Tea Dance was scheduled for Saturday. Thursday morning our crowd was settled comfortably in our favorite corner of the gym discussing the forthcoming New York

jaunt. We had just decided on the hotel when Pat drooped in, bent like a banana, and clutching a tattered telegram. With a premonition of disaster, I snatched the wire and read: "Sorry. Must cancel date. Larry has been drafted. Auntie."

Weeping women cut all morning classes.

"We'll have to return the money."

"Pinky will be so disappointed."

And me, "I thought he was 4F."

"We'll be the laughing stocks of the whole school for the next decade."

"We can't help that now. If we don't supply a man we must return the money immediately."

And me, "The ticket said 4F."

"If we could only find another man . . ."

"Even if he didn't fit the description, at least he'd be something to dance with."

And me, "I used to know a man once."

"Still know him?"

"Yes, but he can't dance."

"What's his name? Maybe we could teach him."

"No good. He's only got one leg."

Five despondent voices groaned, "Fine."

Pat pointed an accusing finger at me. "Nellie," she said, "Nellie, you're a big help."

I winced.

"Nellie, you *are* a big help."

I straightened up. I didn't like the gleam in Pat's eye.

"You're the biggest of the crowd. Get you a wig and a man's suit . . ."

"No-o-o," I shrieked.

"Yes-s-s," they shrieked.

I backed away. They advanced. I started to run.

They blocked the exit. I was caught.

"This whole scheme was your bright idea."

"Where's your nobility? Could you let that poor freshman down?"

Good old Pat chided in sugary tones, "Nellie, surely you're willing to sacrifice your pleasure for the benefit of the crowd, our crowd, your friends, your bosom friends."

Dail persuaded, "Nellie, Pinky doesn't know you at all. You'd get away with it."

"Oh, no, kids. Something would happen."

"The worst has happened. Anything that could happen now would be anti-climax."

"Kids, the wig would fall off."

Pat growled. "We'll glue it on."

"I'd never get a suit to fit me."

"Then we'll make one."

"My voice—it's too high."

"Then come out in the rain and get hoarse."

"I'm not tall enough."

"Tell her you've shrunk."

"Kids, I couldn't. I'd laugh or do something stupid. I'd give the whole thing away."

But Dail's eye pleaded so I said despondently, "O.K. But what'll I do if I'm recognized?"

Some wag answered, "Faint."

Then the gym went round and round and round. . . .

* * *

In my high-starched collar and my bright green tie I was quite the handsomest of men waiting in the lobby Saturday afternoon. Miss Pinkerton strolled by wearing a lovely orchid which I had sent, courtesy of the Corporation. In

fact Miss Pinkerton strolled by eighteen times before I finally approached her. (My plan was to arrive late and leave early.) I mumbled some apology about having my tires checked. She smiled sweetly; said she was glad to meet me; and shouldn't we go in now?

The first dance was agony. Pinky was quite at ease. Call me a fibber if I say, "Me, too." I made several attempts at conversation but nothing clicked even though Pinky made valiant efforts to meet me half-way.

The second dance was a little better. Pinky took the initiative and cooed, "My, you're husky. I'll bet you play football."

I think I broke her hand when I replied jerkily, "Yes—I do—a little."

"Tell me about the games you've played in. I love football."

During the intermission I explained: "Now, take that last game with Purdue. No score until the last quarter when I made four touchdowns for Hale with six players injured; muddy field—hard to play on. But we won that game, sixty-one to nothing."

"Sixty-one to nothing. Imagine that!"

By the time the next selection was being played my talking apparatus was in fairly good working order. But Pinky on the offensive again panted, "A big strong hero like you must have lots of girl friends."

Thinking of those "bosom friends" I answered, "Yes, I guess I have a lot of girl friends."

A hurt, "Oh!"

Strike one.

A wee bit later, "I suppose you miss Hale."

Thinking of strike one I answered, "I'd give anything in the world to be there right now."

A defiant, "Oh!"

Strike two.

Well, Nellie, child, you're in a pickle. Do something. Humor the kid. Make her feel good. So I crooned Sinatra-like into her delicate ear, and carried on with, "Angelina, what kind of shampoo do you use? Your hair seems so—so manageable. I've tried everything under the sun and . . ."

I think dear Angelina smirked as she said, "Palo."

When the orchestra played a rhumba, Pinky declined. "Let's sit this out and get acquainted. You know, Larry, it seems to me as if somewhere, sometime, I've seen you before."

I floundered nervously: "No? Well now isn't that funny. Well that's life for you. Well. Well."

Pinky's brown eyes searched mine earnestly. "What is life? I mean, what do you, a worldly-wise, rugged football player mean by life?"

Piqued, I muttered: "To me, life is that perfection of being which is manifest in self-activity and self-movement, characterized by immanency and continuity." Oh, I was a brute. For one moment, absolute adoration reigned in Pinky's eyes. She murmured, "Really?"

Six o'clock came. Half the ordeal was over. All I had to do now was to take the lucky lass to dinner and a movie (financed by the Corporation, of course). No difficulty clouded the meal. Then, a minor firecracker exploded:

"Larry, do you smoke?"

"Well, I . . ."

"I love men who smoke pipes. Have you ever smoked a pipe?"

"Well, er - er. That's the one thing I haven't yet tried."

"Oh, Larry, do you think you'll try it sometimes?"

With a broad, broad grin, I croaked: "Stranger things have happened."

All through the movie's first feature, I patted myself on the back. Larry, my boy, you are doing a wonderful job. The wig hasn't slipped. You've been talking in a *basso profundo* all day. Pinky thinks you're a football hero. (That hurt.) You're not letting your bosom friends down. I've got to hand it to you. For a novice, you're a killer-diller. But maybe you're not quite aggressive enough—a little too distant. So I leaned over to hold Pinky's hand. A snickering voice within me whispered, "Tsk, tsk"; so I took some popcorn instead.

When we had arrived at Pinky's front porch, I told the young lady, in my thoughts, good-bye, farewell, adieu, good riddance. Aloud, I thanked her perfunctorily for a memorable dance, and hoped I'd see her again, but, I said, "You understand, Angeline, my plans are *so* indefinite."

Pinky's sentiments were much the same. She was actually thrilled to meet a real football hero (ugh!); something she'd always remember; and she loved tea-dances. Didn't I? We shook hands. As I turned to go Pinky quavered: "Larry, I've got something in my eye."

Monday morning, in the hallowed corner of the gym, I related my experiences to our crowd. I insisted that I had acquitted myself "summa cum laude". I protested that I would never, never get an idea again. Out of the general hubbub, I could hear Dail inquire, "And she didn't suspect at all?"

"No."

Pat demanded, "Not at all?"

"No, not even one teeny, weeny, iddle bit."

"I wish we could have been there."

"I'm glad you weren't. I would have spoiled the whole act if I caught one of you spying on me."

Dail, beautiful dreamer, sighed: "Maybe you could try it again sometime, when . . ."

"N-e-v-e-r!"

Soothingly Pat intervened: "I've got to hand it to you, Nell. You saved the day."

I appreciated their appreciation. "Well, kids, you know how it is; nobility, character, and all that sort of thing."

Just at this moment, starry-eyed Pinky came sailing up to the Corporation. I hid my head behind my lunch bag, while she effervesced:

"He was wonderful! Not quite six, too; about the size of that girl over there." (Indicating a headless me.) "Black hair, blue eyes, slightly intellectual, and, and just forward enough."

Pat suggested, "You enjoyed everything?"

Pinky gushed, "Oh yes; his back was so broad, just like that girl's over there."

By now I was on my way out, mentally and physically. I heard Dail's dear voice in the distance:

"Did he—ah—did he step on your toes?"

"No, he didn't step on my toes, but he . . . he wasn't a very good dancer. I had to do the leading during the spinning and twirling, round, and round, and roun . . ."

* * *

As I recovered consciousness, I realized Dail was applying cold compresses to my forehead. Pat was rubbing my wrists, purring sympathetically:

"Nellie, don't take it so seriously. We'd never make you go through with a thing like that."

"But I did; I did!"

Dail soothed: "You fainted, Nellie, from the strain."

"But, I, oh," I wailed, "What shall we do about the man? What shall we do?"

"Don't worry, Nell, you'll think of something?"

"I will?"

"If only the draft would end . . ."

"He's already been drafted."

"Well, if his teeth would fall out . . ."

Dail interrupted, "How would that help?"

As Pat steeled herself for an involved explanation, she was suddenly distracted by a group of ebullient freshmen clustered around a new arrival . . .

"Most beautiful diamond . . ."

" . . . so happy!"

" . . . for the bridesmaids?"

"On his next leave . . ."

When my nurses had propped me up comfortably, Pat meandered over to the spirited group, eavesdropped, then flew back to us . . .

"She's engaged!"

"Who's engaged?"

"Angeline Pinkerton!"

"Hallelu . . ."

Close by my ear, I heard—"Oh, you're the ones who conducted the raffle. I'm so happy to think that I won the prize. I was only trying to help a worthy cause; but well," (Pinky was prettily pink) "I've just become engaged and I, well . . . I . . . that is, I . . ."

Dail and Pat took charge. Yes, we all understood how

things were—engagements, wedding, and all that, but—ah—what about her Tea Dance date? Pinky smiled benevolently:

“As it was your crowd who managed the whole affair, I’m going to raffle the ticket among you.”

This time *we* managed a smile. The drawing was immediate. I won. When the crowds had dispersed and I had been congratulated in due form, I stated definitively:

“I am going to that dance.”

As I cast an appraising eye on my friends, I said, “Dail, you’re a trifle too short; Eleanor, hmm, you’re a trifle too wide; Nance, you can’t dance. Patricia, pleasing personality . . . Well that’s optional. Let me see. Say, you’re the second biggest of the crowd. Get *you* a wig, a wig and a man’s suit . . .”

ANODYNE FOR A DYING JEW

(On looking over at Beth Israel Hospital)

Laure E. Thibert, '47

Tormented, tortured these two thousand years,

Cry out against your body’s anguish! Groan!

Release at last the burning, bitter tears,

Bewail your unhealed wound! Your woeful moan
Will hush against balmed fingertips that soothe

Your festered sore till flaming fever dims.

Fear no opprobrium from hands that smooth

Cool sheets across your writhing, dying limbs,
For here, eyes glazed with agony may close
And in their House of Jacob find repose.

AUTUMN MEMORIES

Regina M. Connelly, '47

The far away stars of evening
Gold-tinted the velvet night;
The harvest moon spread her magic
In patterns of silver light.

Hand in hand in the grandeur
Of this Autumn night by the sea
We joyed with the bliss of lovers—
For our hearts were unburdened, were free.

Now he lies in the forest of Ardennes
Victim of war's cruel bane—
Now the Autumn seems cold and bitter,
Since my heart knows of love's gripping pain.

AS I SAW THEM

Patricia Rose Carroll, '47

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, a new, modern, realistic comedy by Anita Loos has undergone a startling change since its World Première at the Shubert Theater, October the third. Those present on opening night would be conscious of these improved changes in the play.

As the production now stands it is much clearer, and the characters are as moral and consistent as can be expected of such portrayed types. Paul Bishop has been changed from an immoral, weak character, to a weak character only, who is rescued from an ill-mated marriage by Addie (Helen Hayes). Because of this change, the ending of the play is affected. Scene I and Scene II of Act II have been merged into some semblance of unity. The audience is satisfied now when Addie wins Paul because in the conflict of wills, Addie, as the aggressor, gives her victim, Paul, courage to break away from his insincere fiancée and exercises a strong influence over him.

Addie is far from perfect. She is guilty of lying, disrespect, and even of accepting and fostering divorce. However, she seems to be an invincible ignorance as to what is right. The whole play is tainted by materialism.

Aside from the moral viewpoint the play is technically good. The acting is true to form. Miss Hayes once again has let the character she is playing envelop her, and then has used all her talent to project this character to her audience. Her magnetic personality has caught the audience in sympathy. She has proved her versatility by singing a new

song, "I Haven't Got a Worry in the World," by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, by dancing the modern steps, by drinking cocktails, and by romping about the stage. She seems to enjoy doing all these things so much herself that the audience enjoys them with her. Her vitality, freshness, and alertness are ever present.

She is ably assisted by Jo Mielziner whose talent in designing and lighting the set shows that he studied the art of Miss Hayes very closely. He struck the match that set her talents all aglow in the Jersey Mecca Cocktail Bar.

With the talents of Miss Hayes and Jo Mielziner the play should be an unqualified success. It is a hit, but does not come up to expectations. Why? If Shakespeare were living today, and we asked him why, he would most likely shake his head and sigh, "The play's the thing."

Aristotle also said, "The plot is the soul of the drama."

A striking contrast to *Happy Birthday* was the play which just preceded it at the Shubert, *The Duchess of Malfi*. This play, an Elizabethan tragedy by John Webster, has proved its worth down through the centuries since the days of Shakespeare.

The cast knew this play was good when they started out, so only had to concentrate on their acting. When the play is good, and the acting good, the scenery, lighting, and costuming are not so important. Shakespeare got by with a bare stage. It is only when the producers are trying to cover up a deficiency in a play or actor that a dazzling set is designed so that the audience will be deceived into thinking the production a tremendous success—they hope. This does not indicate that in a play with elaborate scenery we must necessarily anticipate an essential deficiency.

Elizabeth Bergner in the title rôle has done remarkably

well. She has succeeded in arousing the pity and compassion of the audience towards her abandoned state and at her death. More important even than the character of the Duchess is that of the "hopelessly abandoned villain" Daniel de Bosola. Canada Lee acted this rôle after the play had opened here in Boston. He learned the part in a great hurry. Daniel de Bosola, a double-dyed villain, is a character which takes every ounce of acting genius to depict. Because of this character and this play Canada Lee has proved himself a great actor capable of taking on leading rôles.

In fact, all the major characters are difficult, therefore the acting technique and ability of the actors and actresses who portray them must be superb. Struggles, fights, deaths, murders, and madness, as contrasted with tenderness in handling children and in love scenes, are all integrated to make *The Duchess of Malfi* a strong, unified whole.

The audience felt the strain on their nerves. To make such an impression on his audience is one of Webster's characteristics. The cast must have felt the same strain as resultant from the terror and horror they had to portray. Such horror, as that of the strangling of the Duchess on stage, shows how Elizabethan tragedy had digressed from the Greek characteristic that all tragedy must take place off stage, with only the characters making up their minds on stage.

Webster was emotional, and worked desperately to arouse emotion in his audience. He succeeded, and as a whole, the cast of this recent production of his play did too.

The Night of January 16th by Ayn Rand is a comedy drama in three acts. It was produced by the Boston Stock Company, under the general management of Reginald King, at the Brattle Hall Theatre, the week of October the seventh.

The play is concerned with one major issue—whether Karen Andre, secretary, played by Frances Keiran, is guilty or not guilty of the murder of her employer, Mr. Faulkner. Everything else is toned to point to this issue. The fact that Karen was an Atheist, therefore nothing which she said on the witness stand could be believed, and that Larry Regan, the villain of the play (Reginald King himself) committed murder for Karen because of his love for her, are only remarked in passing. This is as it should be, because the play is not concerned with these two issues only insofar as they help the main issue. Separate plays could be written about each one of them.

Mr. Faulkner does not appear in the play at all, but his spirit pervades it. He is like "Rebecca" in Daphne du Maurier's novel.

The Brattle Hall Theatre is unique with regard to its informal atmosphere. It suggests something of the theatre in Shakespeare's time, as Laurence Olivier depicted it in his magnificent *Henry V*. In Shakespeare's time the Groundlings were critical and objected strongly to anything they disliked, and laughed heartily at what they liked. In *The Night of January 16th* a jury of twelve persons is chosen from the audience. They are required to sit on stage for the whole performance of the trial. After the two lawyers, District Attorney Flint (George Kaymos) and Defense Attorney Stevens (Robert Heuman) plead the case, the jury adjourns to the jury room off stage and by a majority vote decides whether Karen is guilty or not on the basis of the facts and circumstances of the trial, and on the convincing acting powers of the members of the Boston Stock Company. In this way the play had a different ending each night.

according as Karen was found guilty or not guilty, and the audience representatives determined the ending.

The various witnesses who are called to the witness stand are planted throughout the audience, waiting for their cues. One never knows whether or not the person sitting beside her is a member of the cast waiting to go on stage. These witnesses are well characterized and contrasted, and provide the comic element of the drama.

The action of the play takes place in the Superior Court of the City of New York. It observes the unities of time and place as in Greek drama.

Dear Ruth, a new, fast-moving, romantic comedy by Norman Krasna successfully completed its run on the Plymouth stage and now is on the road, heading for the West Coast.

The theme is based on the romantic idea of mistaken identity. Lieutenant William Seawright (William Talman), while on furlough makes love to a girl with whom he thinks he has been corresponding while overseas. In reality he makes love to the wrong girl. He had been corresponding with her younger sister, who was trying to build up his morale and became panic stricken when she heard he was coming to see her. She had been using her sister's name, thus deceiving the Lieutenant. It is a light, merry comedy that carries the audience away with it.

EDITORIALS

THE ETHOS CALLING:

The purpose of a college magazine is to represent, through the medium of the printed word, the tone of the college. THE ETHOS becomes an instrument of the student body by which it endeavors to give a local habitation and a name to the spirit which we recognize as Emmanuel. As students of this college, ours is a heritage of spiritual enlightenment, scholarly achievement, and social consciousness. The ideals of education must therefore be integrated in any publication which bears the endorsement of the college.

The transition from high school student to college student demanded that we put aside the trivialities of adolescence and attempt to nurture a more mature concept of life. It is this concept which THE ETHOS strives to depict.

In its essence THE ETHOS is a literary project and, as such, it logically becomes the particular activity of the English department. The members of its staff are afforded a glimpse into the actuality of magazine publication which is of specific interest to them. However, this condition should not in any way militate against the position which the magazine has as the representative voice of the entire college. We welcome, encourage, and urge *all* students to contribute to the magazine. Emmanuel is our college, let us make THE ETHOS our magazine. Its success or failure depends upon each member of the student body.

Our magazine is happily named THE ETHOS, the spirit which should vitalize, energize, and project our scholastic

attainments. A year of hope and promise is before us as the first issue of THE ETHOS goes to press. We, the staff, shall endeavor to give you a magazine of which you will be proud.

I. K., '47

FUNNY FUNNIES?

The appeal of the comic strip is universal. The escapades in the careers of "Mutt and Jeff", the domestic tragedies in the affairs of "Blondie," "Nancy," "Penny," "Jiggs," "Donald Duck," the "Berry's" evoke a similar reaction—they tickle the funny bone. However, all the "comic" strips are not "comic". Turn to the comic section in your favorite paper or magazine for proof. What do you find? One strip, "Mary Worth", shows in minute detail the method by which the seductive Neysa Navarre attempts to ruin the ideal marriage of Alice and Jeff Something-or-other. How funny! Naturally Mary Worth comes at the climactic moment to effect a reconciliation, and we presume that they all live happily ever after. Children must enjoy such an edifying, such an illuminating account of married life!

Where in Pandemonium is Li'l Abner? Is it, by any chance, Sadie Hawkin's Day? Is Abner running an obstacle race to escape the tentacles of matrimony? Is Daisy May attempting again to catch her elusive prey? Or is Li'l Abner a model for the Snow-White Purity League—a League, the very depiction of which is an insult to our moral sensitivity. Perhaps Hairless Joe is brewing some Kickapoo Jay Juice; or Abner is following the adventures of Lester Gooch "in Lower Slobboria a'searching fo' Lena the Hyena."

Laugh. If you do, you are not laughing at something humorous. You are laughing at something pathetic. The play on words is unique, but Li'l Abner's stupidity and ignorance are not laughing matters; they are more deserving of pity. Yet, by ingenious diction, by the description of ridiculous, if not impossible, situations, Mr. Al Capp manages to deride sanity, sanitation, civility. He satirizes; he mocks; he destroys.

Cartooning, in too many instances, is merely a pictured series of innuendoes, threats to concepts and standards. Its universal appeal indicates universal approval—but there is some dissent. We have endured too long the deified *Supermen*, the crude *Snuffy Smith*, the impeccable *Jane Arden*. We have tolerated, unprotested, the pictorial disparagement of marriage, of prospective motherhood; and the printed mutilation of our fair language. We have allowed the funny book to be the primer for our children. Some may argue: "Dick Tracy proves that 'crime does not pay'"; but why display crime to impressionable children? The newspaper headlines serve in that capacity very effectively. Others may argue: "Annie Rooney sets up an ideal—a Pollyanna." But how often does Annie Rooney find herself in a classroom? How many times during a year does she settle down to home life, like a normal child?

Why cannot a humorous note be injected into the funny pages, to preserve some aesthetic balance, to preserve a general respect for culture. Such a movement would not require nor adopt a comic page capable of provoking and evoking guffaws. A good strip can find humorous elements in little things. It can present the obvious originally; can praise virtue; tug at the heartstrings—yet win a smile. The endeavor is worth a try.

C. M. H., '47

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Assorted:

If she swings her books with sophisticated hauteur, an air-directed nose, a lordly eye scorning the earth and its sundry inhabitants, announcing to the world at large, "It's silly to think that I have to open these books when I know what they are all about anyway . . ." she's a Freshman. The being mooning in victimized trance, plodding along on tired feet and lagging steps—that's the Sophomore. Her foggy condition attests to one fact—she has opened her books (ho!). The Junior, vanquished and baked long ago, with all the gusto of a stuffed museum moose, groans, "That's life, comrade." But the Senior, ah! admitted to the sanctum of the litterature, clutches books to her bosom. Neither a Como call nor an over-due library notice can displace them from her embrace.

C. O'B.

* * *

Atomic Age vs. Affected Age:

The Atomic Age may or not be the caption which historians of the future will label these our days. But right here and now we can label our contemporary scene the Affected Age. Wild exaggeration motivates the advertising field. Dandruff (horrors!) is as fatal as bubonic

plague. Dingy teeth are a serious set-back to success in any endeavor. A clean shave is as important as a clean start. Perfume is more necessary for human stamina than principles. In far too many instances to count (so advertisers tell us and they should know), a girl will refuse a boy's proposal because he has "five o'clock shadow" or doesn't use her brand of soap, or fails to apply a virile hair tonic. Who is crazy, girls? We or the advertisers?

L. O.

* * *

Travel De Luxe:

This inner conflict has been raging since you left the North Station. You thought the creature would alight at Park St.—but no such luck. You gather the tatters of your dignity—now you'll speak—but what's the use? It's only three more stops to Kenmore. Why create a scene? You clench your sweaty palms, stare cross-eyed at the edge of your neighbor's morning paper resting lightly on the tip of your nose, provoking an almost uncontrollable itch. It was bad enough when the paper was gently flapping on your right ear. Your neighbor is impervious to your disdainful looks. Bitterness towards the whole world surges within you. The Conductor mumbles "Kenmore". With great effort you detach your being from the tight corner of the seat where your fellow passenger has long since embedded you. With the mien of a Lady Esther you murmur a polite, detached, cool "Pardon me." He looks at you resentfully, remains seated although he cautiously moves his feet into the aisle. You edge towards the aisle, trip over the size twelves placed in your path, and down slide your books. A swift scoop and you, red-faced, race for the door, while the echo of an irate voice is wafted to you—"College students; always trying to be funny, humph."

N. W.

Hail, Returning Heroine!

From the mountains, from the valleys, from the seashore, and the ocean white with foam comes the ex-waitress. This accomplished diplomat of kitchen and dining-room tries out her tray balancing technique on her books. Her tip-provoking charm she uses on the man in her life (there's a prom in the offing). Her mental alertness in serving ten people, all at once, and deciphering their unity, she now turns to better use in Philosophy classes and free French translation. Attention Freshmen! Take the tip—how to be a successful waitress.

M. MacD.

* * *

Pseudo-Skepticism:

So, you're a skeptic! Then why do you duck that car over on Brookline Avenue? Why do you eat three (and then some) meals a day? Why do you bother? Why do you? After all, if you were an honest-to-goodness skeptic, that car wouldn't be there; Brookline Avenue would be a cloudy maze, and you—are you sure you're you? Those three meals, not counting the snacks, aren't doing you any good, now are they? You aren't there at all, you know. What? You say, "Of course I'm here." Then, my dear young lady, you're no skeptic. (Courtesy of Philosophy 201.)

P. P.

CURRENT BOOKS

Animal Farm. By George Orwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1946. 118 pages.

In a humorous and satirical allegory George Orwell chronicles the birth, struggles, apparent successes, and latent futility of the Communist party in Soviet Russia. The story evolves from the activities of the animals (Russians) of a manor farm (Russia). Among the animals belonging to the tyrannical farmer (the Tsar) is Major, a perspicacious pig (Lenin) who incites his co-animals to rebel against the prevailing despotic authority. With a battle-cry of "Down with humanity" the rebellion is triumphantly completed; the owner is routed, leaving the animals in possession of the farm. In the meantime Major has died but since the pigs are the most intelligent animals on the farm anyway they assume leadership in the new regime. The initial days of self-government are halcyon days of sufficient food, rest, recreation, freedom. However, various setbacks occur. Snowball (Trotsky) and Napoleon (Stalin), the leaders, bicker continually over policy and activity with a consequent anathema on Snowball. Friends of the expelled owner invade the farm in an attempt to recapture it; rations for the animals are gradually reduced but their work-hours are increased; treacherous and mysterious deeds are committed by officers of the government; a canine storm trooper system is established; dissensions arise among the animals to be banished by the suave lies of Squealer (Molotov). By degrees all of the rights and liberties of the animals are eliminated; the farm is tyrranized over by Napoleon. Conditions are actually worse than they were previous to the rebellion, but the doltish animals are ignorant of their plight until the closing chapter when it is impossible for them to distinguish between pig and man as their brute masters fraternize with gullible humanity.

Orwell's humor is shown to best advantage in the depiction of the animals and their actions. He drew largely from the fact, but he has chosen his *dramatic personae* aptly and cleverly, and has made their characteristic animal acts analogized historical data. He satirizes unrelentingly the Janus Stalin: his deceiving promises, his purge tactics,

his ludicrous pomposity. He lashes at the Five-Year Plan: its deficiencies, its injustices, its unnatural success. He censures the aristocratic self-indulgence of the "democratic pigs" who alter spacially the Seven Commandments to their own interpretations. The humor and the satire provoke thoughtful smiles.

Animal Farm has a dual charm: simplicity and duplicity. A child could read the allegory and take it for nothing more than a fable exhorting him to beware of facile-tongued rogues. To the mature mind *Animal Farm* is a bitter indictment not only of the crafty, power-hungry dictators of Russia, but also of the credulous citizens of other countries who are naive enough to be duped by superficialities, bland words, and pragmatic bonhomie. Russia has experienced and is now experiencing dark days. Is Orwell forecasting a revolt of the Russian masses who are becoming aware that their leaders have betrayed them.

Catherine M. Harkins, '47

The Shape of Books to Come. By J. Donald Adams. New York: The Viking Press, 1945. 196 pages.

The Shape of Books to Come is not to be discovered unless the past quarter-century is delved and studied. The future grows from the past. The shape of books to come grows from Dreiser, Anderson, Dos Passos, Cabell, Hemingway, Cather, and Steinbeck.

J. Donald Adams, for eighteen years editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, is well suited to conduct this study, to examine the past and to predict the literary future sensibly. His style is a fitting vehicle for his matter, his faith that "literature, during the years immediately ahead, will seek above all else to restore the dignity of the human spirit," therefore his style is as hopeful, clear, affirmative, and personal as his conviction.

According to Mr. Adams, the mood of negation which has dominated almost all literature since the first World War, the brittle cleverness of the Twenties gave way to the growing regionalism of the Thirties, and is now broadening into the new hope of the Forties, as promised by young writers, such as John Hershey. *The Shape of Books to Come* discusses the mournful, naturalistic Dreiser, who anteceded the bewil-

dered Sherwood Anderson, Dos Passos, Hemingway, and Farrell, who followed the naturalistic vein; Fitzgerald, Faulkner, and Wolfe were perplexed and self-absorbed; and Sinclair Lewis and John Steinbeck, who are the forebears of the new literature, romantic, yet preponderantly realistic, which is to come. Thus, J. Donald Adams catalogues, inasmuch as possible, the male writers of the past twenty-five years.

Toward the women who wrote in the years between the two wars, Mr. Adams is more complimentary. He considers Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, and Elizabeth Madox Roberts the spirit of hopeful affirmation, as opposed to that of masculine, hopeless negation.

J. Donald Adams advances as the true spirit of America, that of expectancy, a sense kept even when one is most critical of himself. This spirit is creeping into the literature of America. Indeed, Mr. Adams has unconsciously incorporated it into *The Shape of Books to Come*. It is personified by his hopeful view of the future, a future to be vivified by faith, resiliency, social responsibility, by closer adherence to the beliefs and aspirations of literature.

The discerning literary minority who will read this far seeing criticism will be well rewarded, especially those who, in the future, return to *The Shape of Books to Come* to see just how many of J. Donald Adams' expectations were fulfilled.

Priscilla A. Plummer, '47

Yellow Tapers for Paris. By Bruce Marshall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Company, 1946. 294 pages.

Yellow Tapers for Paris is, in the fullest sense of the word, an elucidation upon the recent war-time slogan, "France Forever". It is an enlightening novel that is bound to open indifferent American eyes, and comfort loving American hearts by the new light it sheds on the courage and intensity of the confused *petite bourgeoisie* in Paris, just before its fall.

It is an interesting story, rendered still more interesting by its analogy to Mr. Marshall's successful *The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith*. In *Yellow Tapers for Paris* the "world" is unchanged; it is still a faith-

less, bewildered, miserable world, but one, too, that is pulsing and pregnant with the promise of better days to come. The "Flesh" is the same in France as it was in Scotland; at once weary, indolent, sinful, and beautifully young and pure. But there the analogy between the two novels ends for, naturally, in all the world and all the flesh there cannot be another Father Smith! He is inimitable. What he would have had to say to war-threatened Parisians! The zeal or discouragement he would have felt as he mingled with them are expressed somewhat through the characterizations of the accountant Bigou and the saintly Abbé Pécher. But Father Smith would have been as kind and optimistic as Bigou without Bigou's timorousness. He would have had Abbé Pécher's unflinching faith but he would have influenced and converted more than a blonde harlot.

It is regrettable that nowhere in *Yellow Tapers for Paris* do we find the lovable, laughing characters of *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith*. Bigou and his *bourgeois* friends are grim people, bitter, frustrated sinners. Their employers are grimmer in their heartlessness and greed. And though we respect Abbé Pécher, sympathize with the maimed Bacquieroet, and understand the little man Bigou, we can find most of the other characters only disheartening, or even, as in the cases of Dupont and Terrasse, downright despicable.

We deplore the fact that nowhere in the book do we meet any character strong enough to lift these dispirited creatures from their defeats, and brilliant enough to enlighten their sadly confused minds. Yet, in this very weakness of the characters lies the strength of the novel, for is not this small strip of pre-war Paris but sample material of a threadbare, corroding France? A threadbare, corroding modern civilization? With gentle irony and piquant humor Mr. Marshall shows us that it is.

The pill that he administers is difficult to swallow but it has tremendous therapeutic value. For though the story ends with Petain's armistice with Hitler, it yet ends on a note of triumph: there is repentance in French souls, courage in French hearts, and a new vision in French minds. We close *Yellow Tapers for Paris* with a much keener appreciation of the French temperament and the conviction that there *must be* a France forever!

Laure E. Thibert, '47

The Golden Book of Catholic Poetry. Alfred Noyes, editor. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1946. 440 pages.

Catholicism has been presented with a distinct tribute in the form of *The Golden Book of Catholic Poetry*. This is an unique anthology of the greatest English and American Catholic poetry from the time of Chaucer until the present day. Alfred Noyes has gathered and edited an outstanding collection of three hundred and fifty poems, which are for the most part by Catholics. Among the contributors are Saint Francis, Chaucer, Saint Thomas More, Jonson, Crashaw, Pope, Moore, Newman, Patmore, Francis Thompson, Chesterton, and Sister Mary Madeleva. Among these poets, Joseph Blanco White has his place: one may recall that this man lost his faith, yet his poem "To Night" lives on in memory of his Catholic days.

There is a short tributary section in the book devoted to the poems of non-Catholics, whose themes are essentially Catholic in idea. Included in this group are Spenser, Jonson, Shakespeare, and Donne. In this latter section is also a certain poem called "The Virgin of Châtres" by Henry Adams, of which Alfred Noyes begs of his readers to take great note. He says of it, "It is one of the most remarkable pieces of self revelation in modern times: . . . it lays bare the profound hunger of a mind robbed of its spiritual heritage." Written before the first world war, it contains an astounding prophecy of the fearful hour when man would discover the secret of the atom. Alfred Noyes is of the opinion that this work is among the greatest, if not the greatest poem in American literature.

This book, unified in its variety and universal in character, contains many poems which were written centuries ago and are now out of print. It is a significant marker in world literature.

Mary Jane Wagner, '47

Journey in the Dark. By Martin Flavin. Chicago: Consolidated Book Publishers, 1944. 432 pages.

The winner of the Harper Prize Novel Contest for 1943-1944, *Journey in the Dark*, is only Martin Flavin's third novel, but it has been a tremendous success.

Mr. Flavin is well fitted to write this portrait of American life, for his origin is as American as that of his hero, Sam Braden. His firm belief in Jeffersonian democracy is the keynote of all his works. In *Journey in the Dark* he has skilfully combined a recent history of the country with a psychological study of the development of one man's personality, and this man's influence on those with whom he came in contact.

Historically, the story deals with the growth of the Middle West; the lazy southern community of Wyattville, on the Mississippi, the birthplace of the hero, is sharply contrasted with the bustling, thriving city of Chicago, where the local boys go to seek their fortunes, and are, at least those with whom this novel is concerned, ultimately successful.

But while *Journey in the Dark* gives us a picture of American life in general during the past sixty years, it is primarily concerned with a portrayal of Sam Braden, the poverty-stricken, sensitive son of a good-for-nothing lawyer, who had two dreams in his heart: to have Eileen Wyatt, the cold young heiress of the town's leading family, and to earn a million dollars. He succeeded partially in the first desire, and achieved his financial goal by the time he was forty. However, in spite of all his worldly success, Sam remained a lonely man throughout the greater part of his life. This loneliness is cleverly shown in tracing the parallelism between his life and that of Neil Wyatt, who possessed by birthright all that Sam fought hard and bitterly to attain. The heroic death of Neil during the first World War, instead of ending Sam's suspicion and jealousy of him, merely created a repetition of all the original factors by the friendship of the sons of the two men.

Journey in the Dark is a book which deserves a place in the annals of modern fiction for it is a timeless study of a great nation in the period of its fastest expansion, and of a man who is a living reflection of the emerging ideals of that new nation.

Martin Flavin's style appears light, yet in reality it has great depth. The book contains elements of comedy, pathos, and tragedy. All of the descriptions, ranging from the magnificent one of the sinking of the famous *Titanic*, to a currently interesting air battle, to the fatal accident of a Polish boy in Sam's mill, are dramatically moving.

The story is recounted partly by direct action and partly by flashbacks; perhaps a flaw one could find in *Journey in the Dark* is a slight

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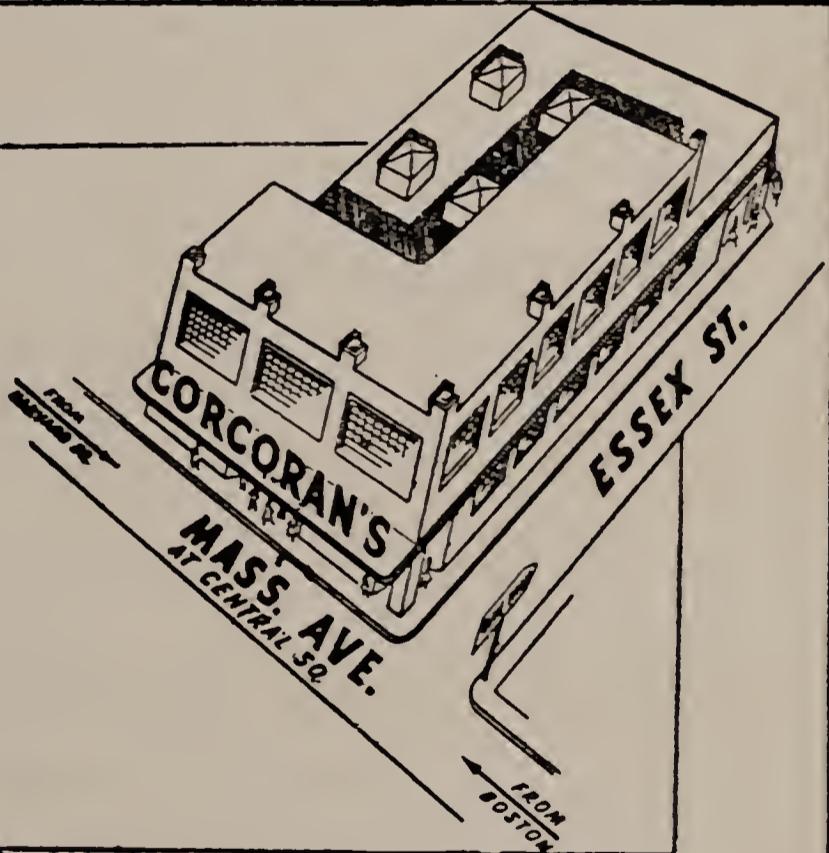
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